

THE  
MISTAKES,

OR,

The False Report:

A

TRAGICOMEDY.

Acted by their Majesties Servants.

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Written by Mr. *Jos. Harris.*

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The Prologue Written by Mr. *Dryden*,  
The Epilogue by Mr. *Tate.*

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*Hæc si placuisse erint mihi præmia. Mart.*

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Licensed according to Order.

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London, Printed for *Jo. Hindmarsh* at the *Golden-Ball*  
over against the *Royal-Exchange.* 1691.

MISTAKES

The Falls Report:

TR A GIC Q M E D Y



THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

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TO GODFREY KNELLER Esquire.

IT is common with many Poets to Varnish o're the defects of their Poems either by a little affected Satyr in the Preface and Prologue, or by the Nobility of the Patron ; but for an under-graduate, the fittest Sanctuary to receive and protect his first fruits, shou'd be the Elder Choir of Poets ; for there the Subject may more aptly improve his Thoughts, and there (if any Genius glimmers through the Clouds) the Gold is entertain'd, and the dross either refin'd or forgot. I speak not this to excuse the many errors of this indigested trifle (for indeed such confusion and uncertainty attended it, both at it's conception, and birth, that they became unavoidable,) but to render my boldness more lawful, at least more pardonable, in committing all together to your Patronage. But yet to intitle you to Poetry, were too mean an acknowledgment, who have engross'd all that can be call'd *A description of Nature*. Poets at best but give a distant View of her to our purblind imagination, which often doubles, or falsifies the object, confounds *Chimera's* with the most simple beings, and so rather represent her in her infant *Chaos*, than her present perfection. But you Sir, draw the Veil and expose her bare-face to our senses, the most proper and Adequate Judges of it. Here we see Art triumphing over her, and waiting *Cupids* pouring all their mothers Charms into your Pencil ; here we may behold more Divinity in one draught, then in that Peice for which *Apelles* ransack'd all the Beauties of the Earth and his own fertile imagination to call out a *Venus*. Of this you have given a sufficient evidence, in adorning the Court with so many Stars, which shall shine thro' your colours, when time has faded, and the Grave immured their own. For Painting being at such a noble height as you Sir have rais'd it to, carries more prevailing influence, than all the languid efforts of our enervate Pens. But it were as vain to attempt a particular *Encomium* of what I understand not, as to deny it's excellency, which the greatest Stupidity must confess with silence, and the greatest malice with a forc'd admiration.

Pardon me Sir, if in dwelling upon so pleasing a Subject, I have forgot that I am arguing for what is beyond the Verge of dispute, and kept you long in the Portall, that I have reason to fear you may be tir'd before you Survey the whole building ; but if it affords you any diversion, I shall not complain of any reception it has already, or may meet with in it's more publick dress, but content my self that it gives me this opportunity to testify how much I am

Your most Devoted  
Humble Servant,  
Jos. Harris.

## The Preface.

I Might here (as it is very very Customary) beg leave to tell the World the many inconveniences this hasty Peice has been expos'd to; as the Season of the being so near *Christmas* &c. and charge all it's failings upon them; but I am sufficiently satisfyed with it's reception: and what other casualties have obstructed it's wellcome, have been exceedingly made up by Mr. *Montfort*, *Quem semper honoratum, &c.* 'Twou'd be Tautology to mention his extraordinary favours, which are already sufficiently known, and need not my suffrage: but he that will scan thoroughly the Series of his goodness to me, will find an unbyas'd kindness, and generous pitty in every step. Nor shou'd I be backward in acknowledging (I dare not call it the impartial) favours of the pardoning Audience. What can expresse a solid judgment, and sincere good nature, more then to wink at faults, and applaud the least glimmering of Wit. I have only one thing now to desire, which is, that upon reading this, they who have seen the more publick representation, will not wonder to find the Plot more thick, and severall Scenes which were entirely omitted in the Action, to modell it into the ordinary bulk of a Play. And here's a fresh occasion for my gratitude to Mr. *Montfort*, who in the fifth Act has not only corrected the tediousness by cutting out a whole Scene, but to make the Plot more clear, has put in one of his own, which heightens his own Character, and was very pleasing to the Audience. But in mentioning the brevity of the Play, I shall slip in to prolixity in the preface, and therefore leave the former to entertain you.

## PROLOGUE.

# PROLOGUE.

Writ by Mr. Dryden.

*Enter Mr. Bright.*

Gentlemen, we must beg your pardon; here's no Prologue to be had to day; Our New Play is like to come on, without a Frontispiece; as bald as one of you young Beaux, without your Perriwig. I left our young Poet, sniveling and sobbing behind the Scenes, and cursing some body that has deceiv'd him.

*Enter Mr. Bowen.*

Hold your prating to the Audience: Here's honest Mr. Williams, just come in, half mellow, from the *Rose-Tavern*. He swears he is inspir'd with Claret, and will come on, and that *Extempore* too, either with a Prologue of his own or something like one: O here he comes to his Tryal, at all Adventures; for my part I wish him a good Deliverance.

*Exeunt Mr. Bright, and Mr. Bowen.*

*Enter Mr. Williams.*

Ave ye Sirs, save ye! I am in a hopefull way.  
I shou'd speak something, in Rhyme, now, for the Play:  
But the duce take me, if I know what to say.  
Pl'stick to my Friend the Authour, that I can tell ye,  
Tis the last drop of Claret, in my belly.  
So far I'm sure 'tis Rhyme—that needs no granting:  
And, if my verses feet stumble—you see my own are wanting.  
Our young Poet, has brought a piece of work,  
In which, though much of Art there does not lurk,  
It may hold out three days—And that's as long as Cork.  
But, for this Play—(which till I have done, we show not,)  
What may be its fortune—By the Lord—I know not.  
This I dare swear, no malice here is writ:  
Tis Innocent of all things—ev'n of wit.  
He's no high Flyer—he makes no sky Rockets,  
His Squibs are only levell'd at your Pockets.

*And*

And if his Cracker light among your self  
 You are blown-up: if not, then he's blown-up himself.  
 By this time, I'm something recover'd of my fluster'd madness:  
 And, now, a word or two in sober sadness.  
 Ours is a Common Play: and you pay down  
 A Common Harlots price—just half a Crown.  
 You'll say, I play the Pimp, on my Friends score;  
 But since 'tis for a Friend your gives give o're:  
 For many a Mother has done that before.  
 How's this, you cry? an Actor write?—we know it;  
 But Shakspear was an Actor, and a Poet.  
 Has not Great Johnsons learning, often fail'd?  
 But Shakspear's greater Genius, still prevail'd.  
 Have not some writing Actors, in this Age  
 Deserv'd and found Success upon the Stage?  
 To tell the truth, when our old Wits are tir'd,  
 Not one of us, but means to be inspir'd.  
 Let your kind presence grace our homely cheer;  
 Peace and the Rut, is all our bus'ness here:  
 So much for that; —and the Devil take small beer.

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## EPILOGUE

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# EPILOGUE

Writ by Mr. N. Tate.

Spoken by Mrs. Butler in Mans Cloaths.

**A**S Malefactors brought to Execution,  
Have leave t' Harrangue before their Dissolution:  
Such favour your poor Criminall beseeches,  
Something to say to justify her Breaches,  
To strut with Feather, Tilter, Lace and Blue,  
I have as good pretence as most of you.  
Twas time to take this Warlike Dress in Vogue,  
To guard my dang'rous Post of Epilogue;  
Where lurching Wits like Rapperees appear:  
And Coward Critique still attack's our Rear.  
I stand your Shot—To storm this little Fort,  
Let's see who dares—I've that shall find you short.  
Damn your French way of shooting on the Stretch,  
Give me the Man bears up and mounts the Breach.  
Entrench'd i'th' Pit you sit securely Raging,  
You know who'le have the odds in close Engaging.  
But this is all exceeding my Commission,  
To swagger while our Poet makes Submission:  
I told the tim'rous Fool 'twas not the way,  
A worse Mistake then any in his Play,  
But he has writ just as you Fight—for Pay.  
Like you he justifies his Cause—for Life,  
For Fame, for Liberty, for Bratts, and Wife:  
He writes, but 'tis not for the sake of Writing;  
When you your Bilbo Scarf and Plume are Dighting,  
For Heaven's sake tell me—is't for love of Fighting?  
Money's his Plea; that makes the Lawyer trudge,  
The Priest Preach Counter, and Corrupts the Judge.  
Met'r want our Youngsters to write Plays impowers,  
Playing will neither do their Work—nor Ours.  
Then since you are so kind to Their Deserts,  
Give, next, Us Women leave to show our Parts:  
Let us perceive but the kind Humour seize ye,  
We'll try our skill, and do our best to please ye.



# Dramatis Personæ.

**D**On Juan de Mendoza *Vice-Roy of Naples.* Mr. *Hodgson.*  
 Alberto, *A Nobleman in Love with Miranda.* Mr. *Powell.*  
 Antonio, *His Friend, in Love with Astella.* Mr. *Alexander.*  
 Ricardo, *The Vice-Roy's Favourite. A Villain* }  
*and in Love with Miranda.* Mr. *Montford.*  
 Lopez, *Alberto's Man* }  
 Bernardo, *Ricardo's Man* }  
 Don Sylvio. }  
 Fabio. } *Gentlemen to the Vice-Roy.*

*Three Soldiers.*

*Three Neighbours. A Faylor. Messengers.*

*Officers, Guards, and Attendants.*

## W O M E N.

Miranda. *The Vice-Roy's Daughter,* }  
*in Love with Alberto.* Mrs. *Brategirdle.*  
 Astella, *sister to Alberto, in Love with Antonio.* Mrs. *Butler.*  
 Maria. *Miranda's Confident.* Mrs. *Richardson.*

*The Scene N A P L E S.*



ACT I. SCENE. I. *The Street.*

*Enter Alberto reading a Challenge, follow'd by his Man Lopez.*

*Alb.* **T**His from *Antonio*? forbid it freindship!  
He tells me that *Miranda's* false and loves me not;  
If he be then that happy Rivall, why ihou'd he desire  
To take that life her Scorn can look away?

*Lop.* Goes it there—I have the business now *[Aside]*  
But will prevent your designs my noble valiant *Don*.

*Alb.* This note's ten thousand daggers to my breast,  
Cleaves to my heart like *Hercules* poyson'd shirt,  
And tares my Soul in piecemeal.

Shall I go on? my friendship bars the way;  
But mighty Love and Honour chide my stay:  
Yes, I will go; I'll meet this treacherous man,  
And stab her image in his faithless breast,  
Or fall my self a Sacrifice to both:

*Lop.* That I must prevent, my good furious Master. *[Aside.]*

*Alb.* By Heaven he shan't enjoy her. I'll luce my veins,  
Let out a deluge of my blood to drown 'em,  
And follow 'em tho' rocks high as *Olimpus*,  
Oppose and stop my way: Leap *Erebus's* hideous Vault,  
Then catch 'em on the brink and plunge 'em in,  
But I will have revenge, and such revenge  
As Traytors, nay the damn'd themselves yet never knew:  
And I'll about it strait.— *[Exit]*

*Lop.* So, now is he going to take Horse and Ride Post to the Devill.  
A plague on these Female *Succubus's*, who o' my Conscience are good  
for nothing else but to breed and beget quarrells.—Well faith I'll not  
lose a good Master so.

*Enter Ricardo, and his man Bernardo following.*

*Lop.* I'll get some friends and neighbours to assist me, then go with  
'em to all the slaughtering fields about town and finde them out, and so  
prevent their duelling.

*Ric.* How's this! friends and neighbours to assist his Master, that must  
not be: *Bernardo*, do you follow *Lopez* when he goes from hence, and  
leave him not till night: I can away with your diligence till to morrow.

*Ber.* Till to morrow Sir?

B

*Ric.*

*Ric.* Yes, till to morrow : business of importance obliges me to attend the Vice-Roy : be gone. [*Bernardo waits at the door.*]

*Lop.* What a pox has *Antonio* to do with his Mistress? or can't he share her with his friend, I warrant She'll give 'em both enough, in as hot a Skirmish as this is like to be.

*Ric.* I must prevent his purpose and design. — *Lopez.*

*Lop.* Bless me! what will become of me now, if this ill-natur'd Courtier has or e-heard me?

*Ric.* I've heard from your your Masters rash design of fighting with *Antonio*, and must your faithfulness and care commend.

*Lop.* I'd rather you'd heard the last Trumpet Summoning you to Hell. Sir you may commend it, but I can hardly believe that you'll reward it.

*Ric.* Why *Lopez*, thy Master is My dearest friend; Our hatred's fled to thair from whence it sprung, The date is out, and all the bonds are cancell'd; Canst thou then think, I'd tamely see him fall, And crack those strings which hold *Ricardo's* heart? Friendship's a dearer name to me then Honour, And I'll expose the one to save the other.

*Lop.* As how Sir?

*Ric.* I will prevent their fighting *Lopez*; Or if that fail, I will assist thy Master: But if his nicety refuse me that, I'll stake the utmost cast I have to loose, And run upon *Antonio's* Sword; Then hold it close unto my throbbing heart, Untill my dearest blood cool on the point, And blunt the stroke of death to save *Alberto*.

*Lop.* Well Sir, since you are so resolv'd to serve my Master, I'll trust his safety for once with you, and humbly retire.

*Ber.* Hift, hift, *Lopez.* [*Lopez runs to Bernardo: both go off together.*]

*Ric.* His safety, dull Buffoon, trust me for that: Thou could'st not chuse a better Guardian out, Tho' thou hadst ransackt all the worlds below, To cull a Villain of the blackest dye. One thing I want to finish forth a Hero But 'tis the meanest virtue — brutall Courage, Mallice I have enough, and witty mallice: These greater qualities may infuse the less, And then *Ricardo* has a *Titan's* Soul — *Alberto's* death makes way for my pretentions, Unto the coy *Miranda's* heart; I will about it strait: *Italian* spite assist me at this push, Or blast *Ricardo*, or his Rayall crush.

[*Exit.*]

*Exit.*

SCENE *The Pallace.**Enter Miranda, and Ariella.*

*Mr.* Oh my *Astella*! what a tide of Joy  
Streams in to Crown my yet imperfect Love!  
'Tis rapture but to think he shall be mine.  
To morrows dawn shall light our Loves for ever:  
To thee I'll own my Friend without a blush  
The Vestall fire which guards his Image here.

*As.* My Brother's too much blest, in your kind Love;  
Nor cou'd his utmost wish desire more,  
Tho' it were boundless as are your merits.

*Mr.* Why d'you prophane the Dearest of his Sex;  
Sere nought that's mortall's worthy of his Love:

Were I made up of yet untasted Charms,  
Such as wou'd pose the Painters noblest skill,  
And dash his feeble fancy in it's flight,  
Yet 'twere too mean a present for *Alberto*.

Oh! why are you so slow you tedious hours?

Blow fair my hopes, glide with a gentle gale,  
To waft *Alberto* to his Mistress Arms.

*As.* With what strange Extasies of Joy he'll be wellcome

This so happy news from his *Miranda's* mouth:

But let me beg you share with me my Sister,

Let double passion burst my crowded breast:

My noble Brother has at last consented,

To consummate *Antonio's* happiness,

And Chain their friendships with another Link,

Soon as your father blesses him with you.

*Mr.* Soon as my Father gives me heav'n in him:

Why comes he not to hear the charming news

Sounds as enchanting as the *Theban* *Live*,

Or all the musick of the Spheres at once:

O Love! forgive the extravagance of my desires,

Which have no bounds short of the noblest heart,

That ever yet your golden arrows peirc'd.

*Enter Maria.*

*Mar.* My Lord *Alberto*, Madam, is without,  
Desires to know if he may have admittance:

*Mr.* Fly and conduct him in:—now help me Sister, [*Exit Maria.*]

To unlade my fruit of Joys into his breast.

*Ass.* 'Twere Sin to bar the freedom of your Loves:  
And therefore beg leave humbly to retire.

[Exit

*Enter Alberto, stands at a distance, and bows.*

*Mir.* Wellcome my Dear *Alberto*, for ever wellcome here;  
But doubly wellcome now.

*Alb.* To hear my ruine!

*Mir.* Now I can charm your senses into wonders,  
Make your chill blood dance to the tune of Love,  
And sing your Soul into Elysian raptures.

*Alb.* O' fatall Beauty, and oh my cruell Stars!  
Why was I born to love; and be despis'd?

*Mir.* Ha! why this distance, and that heavy sigh!  
Why play not thousand *Cupids* in your eyes  
In expectation of 'th approaching blis?  
But I forget, 'tis I must charm your Soul.  
My Father now has warranted our Loves,  
Which shall be doubly ratified to morrow:  
Still senceless!

*Alb.* Oh triumphant perjury!  
Down, down the anger of my swelling breast  
Fix me kind heaven, and clear my reason, lest  
My hand shou'd antidate your vengeance on her,  
And cut this beauteous weed of nature down.  
Madam—Hell and confusion! I know not what to say:  
I wish you Joy.

*Mir.* Ha! wish me Joy, yet mention Hell *Alberto*,  
The greatest blessing twis'd with a Curse;  
Oh all ye powers! Yet why my Lord, Oh why that wish?  
How can you doubt my joy, when you're the Author,  
My Heaven, my Paradise, my all I have?

*Alb.* Oh Syren, Syren!

*Mir.* Yes, my Lov'd Lord, you are my Souls desire,  
Nor do I blush to speak a noble Truth.  
But stay: mine did I say, my Lov'd Lord? O no!  
It was a fond mistake, he's mine no more,  
But false to all his Oathes and plighted Vows,  
False to *Miranda*, that unhappy Maid.

*Alb.* Furies and Death! 'tis downright mockery.  
But Madam, know tho' I appear to you  
So still, so calm, so like a suffering Saint,  
Yet know (I say) there is a storm lies brooding here;

Will



Will like a furious whirlwind blow to dust  
That Bane to Love and Friendship, False *Antonio*.

*Mr. Antonio* ! unfold this fatal riddle.

*Alb.* Upon his heart I will.

*Mr.* By Heaven ! by All that's Sacred—

*Alb.* Hold, hold, thou Lovely Perjur'd Beauty !  
So well I love thee still, thou shalt not damn

Thy self to give *Alberio* satisfaction,  
For that *Antonio's* life must give, not you.

*Mr.* Hear me *Alberio*, or I dye with grief;  
Hear me before your rashness makes it quite too late.

To hear : 'tis Death to think you may be slain for me,  
(For my heart bodes some strange eruption

Of discontent and Passion which tends to ruine ; )  
And surely I shou'd grieve *Antonio's* loss

Since Innocent.

*Alb.* I know thou woud'st.

*Mr.* Will you be still unjust?

O torture ! see he fears to let me know the truth,  
And Cause of this Disorder, this strange mistake.

[Weeps.]

*Alb.* Ha ! does she weep ! O treacherous Crocodile !  
But I'll be calm : Just heaven, why have you lodg'd

Such lurking fiends, in this so fair a Mansion ?  
Why wink not all the Stars, and hide their heads

Since this bright *Cynthia's* fall'n from her sphere ?  
Can those tears be true ? sure 'tis impossible !

But then if guilty, why shou'd she complain ?  
Oh ! 'tis the nature of that cons'ning Sex,

To weep, and smile, and yet be false, and fair :  
Thus bigot Love mistakes the genuine Pearl

Deluded with a gaudy, glittering nothing.

*Mr.* Since then you'll not believe my Vows or Tears,  
Clear with your Sword my injur'd Innocence,

And with my blood wash all my stains away.

*Alb.* Still weeping ! Too well I know the curst Cause,  
Those tears you shed to your absent Lover

And only make a show of Sorrow,  
To surprize me more.

Ah Cruell Maid, Thou poyson to our Loves and Friendship,  
The only prop which dying Virtue leans on,

In one unhappy hour thou hast quite destroy'd,  
And broke the Sacred Chain which link't our Souls.

*Mr.* Will you Condemn me, e're you hear me speak ?  
What has *Antonio* dohe, to move your hate ?

Or

Or how have I deserv'd this Jealousy? would I could find a friend to love and friendship  
Is not Antonio —

Alb. Ha! that name again!  
By hell she doats and feeds upon the sound:

Antonio! Oh that word, that names a Charm,  
A Charm indeed which has bewitch'd *Miranda*,  
And raz'd Heavens Stamp from out her sickle Soul:

O I could rave and Curse my Cruell Stars  
Which have depriv'd me of my Joys and her:

But Love usurps the Throne and still's my rage.  
Madam, I go for ever from your sight;

To meet a death from your *Antonio's* hands,  
Or offer up my self a Victim to appease  
His Angry Ghost, and glut Revenge and you.

Mir. Stay, stay *Alberto*, hear me but speak.

Alb. It cannot be, bid raging Seas to listen  
When the Winds heave the billows into Clouds.

Mir. Stay, stay, but to see *Miranda* dye.

Alb. Away —  
Mock not my reall griefs with thy false tears.

Mir. False tears! nay then I can endure no more.

Alb. Ha! does she faint! Return my fair Apostate,  
Return, and hear the story of your Falshood;

Here I'll produce the clearest Evidence  
Will prove you false, and trouble you no more.

Mir. Convinc'd I'me false, yet give no more, O horror!

Yes, I wou'd rip my heart out of this breast,  
And give't a prey for Vultures to devour;

Sooner then wrong my plighted faith in bught.

Alb. No more, but read, read there your Crimes, [gives her a letter]  
There markt in Characters too plain and foul

Farewell for ever Madam, for I dare not stay,  
To see your blushes blab my destiny,

But must in silence part and calmly dye.

Miranda Sol.

Mir. False to *Alberto*, this the Evidence;  
Is this the *Gorgon* turns his heart to stone?

I dare not see this narrow Vault of death,  
(Not that I fear my death, for that were welcome)

But yet I dread there lies some putrid earth  
Couch'd in the dark shade, left these black rotters

With every turn shou'd curl into a snake,

Will



Will wind and twist about my dearest honour;  
 And taint my spotless truth with infamy.  
 Thus I secure it then—nor will I trouble  
 My conscious innocence with false alarms, [Tears the Letter.  
 But banish all encroaching passions,  
 (But Love and Grief,) from out this troubled breast,  
 And leave th' unerring Gods to judge the rest. [Exit.

Enter Vice-Roy, Ricardo, and Attendants.

V. R. I care not, 'tis resolv'd.

Ric. Pardon me Sir,

I have no other int'rest but your peace,  
 Which to preserve, I'd shipwreck all my own.

V. R. How is my peace endanger'd in *Albino*?

Ric. I'm hush'd Sir; he's my friend: only this—beware.

V. R. Ricardo your words hang ill together:  
 Disjoyn'ted words speak a disjoyn'ted meaning.

You talk as if there were some mystery

'Twere fit I knew, and yet you're loath to tell.  
 Is he not Loyall?

Ric. Loyall, he may be Sir, for ought I know,

I never fear'd the sharpness of his Sword;

On to defend his Country, or disturb it:

'Tis true in Peace, 'twill hardly rust within the Sheath;

For Tavern brawls and quarrells in the Stews;

Nor think I there, 'twill rust with too much blood:

Therefore your Daughter—

V. R. Speak, what of my Daughter?

Ric. There must he wound you Sir, there found the vein:

You think he loves her Sir, perhaps he may,

Who wou'd not love to be the Vice-Roy's Son,

Courted, Esteem'd, nay more, Admir'd by all,

And held the Favorite both of Heaven and Earth?

But if (avert it Heaven) Experience tells you

He courted more that Title than your Daughter—

V. R. I know your meaning, but no more of that:

What I've decreed stands firm, fixt as a Rock,

Not to be shaken with your blust'ring reason.

Prudence in Rulers is the Helm of State,

Which lost, the wandering Bark's a Prey to fate;

Splits on the Rocks and sinks into the Sand;

Reason that mann'd her, cannot then Command:

The Ribs are burst, the helm in pieces torn,

The Rudder lost, the Bark is surely gone;

Either

Either you argue I've renounc'd that Prudence  
In taking him into my heart and House,  
(After long wading into his inmost thoughts,  
And sounding all the Shallows of his Soul ; )  
Or there's some hidden Cause for this aversion.

*Ric.* Pardon my Lord, the hasty zeal I've shown;  
Some brandisht bolt be levell'd at my head,  
And rivet me to earth, If I have ought  
To move me thus but duty—and my Love. *[Aside.]*

*Enter Miranda.*

But see your Daughter, Sir.

*Mir.* I had forgot,  
T'was rashly done to tear the Letter,  
Then leave it here ;  
For which forgive me Credulous *Alberto*.  
Ha ! my Father here ! *[Starts]*

*Vi. R. Miranda.*

*Mir.* My Lord.

*V. R.* Why does a Father's presence thus surprize you ?  
But that's a trifle, to those greater wonders  
Which amaze me more : Why Child this strange disorder ?  
What mean those swol'n eyes, and falling tears ?  
Is this the Picture of Triumphant Love,  
Drest in the Visage of a black despair ?  
Are shours the Prologue to the rising Sun,  
Or Harbingers of an ensuing Storm ?

*Ric.* My Plot has took ; thanks to my witty Stars. *[Aside.]*

*V. R.* I cannot guess the meaning, sure *Alberto*  
Must know the Cause, speak, was he here to day ?

*Mir.* He was my Lord,—Oh fatal interview !

*V. R.* Fatal, to what ? be quick and give me ease :  
Is it your speedy Nuptials that are fatal ?  
By Heaven if such a thought were starting in you,  
After all your Pleadings, and my Conquer'd Pride,  
You should be Married in the other World.

*Mir.* Alas ! that heavy Curse comes now too late  
Since Love has made me wretched beyond all hopes  
Of ever being blest or happy more.  
He came my Lord, but with a face so alter'd,  
He rather seem'd the Ghost of my *Alberto* ;  
Then ey'd me as I were a Basilisk :  
Revenge and Love jarr'd in his eyes a while,

But stait the fiercer passion gain'd the Conquest :  
 To all the Endearments of my joyfull Love,  
 He answer'd only with a Gloomy silence :  
 But soon as I discover'd your consent,  
 He storm'd and rav'd aloud, then wish't me joy,  
 Talk't of Antonio, falsehood and revenge,  
 Whilst all my tears inflam'd him but the more.

*F. R.* I understand you not—Ha! *Ricardo!*

*Ric.* You see my eye was piercing to discern.

*F. R.* Speak once again, but speak it to the dead,  
 For they'll solve such a riddle soon as I.

*Ric.* I am no *Oedipus*, yet can construe this :  
 He's false, or thinks her so, which is as bad, if not worse.

*F. R.* Oh! give me patience Heaven for this affront,  
 Which thus reflects upon my Masters honour,

And wipes the Sacred Oyl from off his head.

There's ne're a proud Italian of you all

Shall dare to rowze my fiery Jealous rage

And scape it's fury.—Guards go seize the Traytor.

*Mr.* Hold, hold Kind Sir, and hear your Daughter speak.

*F. R.* Shame to my blood, woud'st thou excuse the Villain?

Breath but a word for him that dares abuse

Thy Fathers condescension and thy Love,

And I'll proclaim thee Bastard, and not mine.

*Mr.* I must speak, for Love like mine's invincible,

And like the Palm suppress'd, does higher rise :

I woud' excuse him too, but impossible !

Perhaps some busy fiend has been at work

To interrupt the Calm which we enjoy'd,

And Shipwrack all our hopes with one dire blast.

What Virtue's proof against the assaults of malice ?

*F. R.* That fiend is lodg'd within his treacherous breast,

There lies the Snake which stings my honour thus :

In vain you'd bribe my Justice with your tears

The Ballance must fall down and crush *Alberto*.

*Mr.* Since you're resolv'd, oh hear me on my knees,

I beg of you this last, this only favour,

Load me with all the chains, his Crimes deserve,

And let my death glut your mistaken rage.

*F. R.* Fond, Love-sick Fool, then woud'st thou dye for him ?

*Mr.* With as much Joy, as Martyrs for their Faith.

Dye to preserve him for anothers Arms,

And bleis the Stroke which gives *Alberto* life.

*F. R.* I finde my resolution Staggers here

and thou hast tam'd the Lion in my Soul;

*Ric.* 'Tis well; and fortune hitherto's my friend,

Did he secure him, there wou'd be a search

Deep in the bottom of my close design

And all my industry were countermin'd

If that my Loyallty were not ill manner'd

I wou'd advise you Sir, to curb your rage,

Till proof imprint the Stamp of Justice on't:

And if your Highness shall think me worthy

I'll be the *Argus* to your peace and honour.

*Fi. R.* Thanks my Good friend: and to convince you that

Your service is not thrown away on me,

I accept of your advice; *Alberro's* free.

Now Daughter let us in, and sound the depth

Of all these wonders. — *Ricardo* wait me here.

[*Exit Vice-Roy, Miranda and Attendants*

*Ricardo Solus.*

*Ric.* What lucky Planet rul'd when I was born,

And mark'd me out a second *Machiavell*?

He Plotted but to gorge his vast ambition,

But I, to satisfy Revenge and Love,

The Darling Passions of the Powers above.

What's this, a torn note, expos'd to view?

I'd joyn the broken remnants close, and may

From every peice sprout up a Hydra's head,

To wound and quite destroy the Man I hate.

Ha! Confusion to my eyes! what's this I see?

The very Basis of my Plot o'rethrown;

The pin pluck'd out which mov'd my Study'd Engine:

My counterfitted Challenge here, and torn.

What shou'd this mean? — Let me see!

No — Yes — Nay it shall be so:

I'll Counterplot the Coward,

And like the Toad suck poison from each Verdant herb

And spit it in *Alberro's* face.

*Enter the Vice-Roy attended.*

*Ric.* Is there no friend, will ease me of my doubts?

None to redeem me from this Maze of thoughts

In which I'm lost? *Ricardo* thou seem'st Honest,

And can'st not without trouble see me thus:



Give me some means to rid me of this Torture,  
 Tho' ne're so harsh, tho't be a fatal Cord  
 Or twist of reapy Venom for a Clue.

Ric. The fair *Miranda* has been at work for me,  
 And moulded him, as if she'd gag'd my wishes;  
 Credit me Sir, your grief distracts my Soul,  
 And all my Friendship must give way to duty.  
 My weak imagination can't present  
 A surer way to fathom his intents,  
 And punish 'em, then quite to cast him down  
 From that bright Heaven he once aspir'd to,  
 And bar all future claims unto your Daughter.

V. R. Friendship still softly pleads within thy breast;  
 Has not the Villain baulk'd that punishment,  
 In leaving her, and plagu'd me with his fallhood?  
 This mildness in my Friend's almost a Crime  
 When *Tiwin's* Vulture, or the rowling Stone  
 Are nothing to the torments he deserves.  
 Were but my fears confirm'd by certain proof,  
 What Patron God shou'd guard him from my vengeance?  
 Tho' Thunder back't with lightning fenc'd him in,  
 And Charms as great as *Circé's* did protect him.

Nay—

Tho' bury'd from my rage as deep as Hell,  
 Yet wou'd I force the *Lemnian* Bulworks; Scale  
 The Flaming Wall's, then ransack all the world below  
 To find him out, and having found the Traytor,  
 Tear out his false, disloyall, treacherous heart,  
 And grind it into dust, to heal my wounded honour.

Ric. This rage surprizes me: I thought your Daughter  
 Had fully satisfied and cured your Jealousy,  
 And nothing now remain'd but to revenge his Crimes.

V. R. By all that's good she has heighten'd it *Ricardo*,  
 Her tameness has but wounded me the more:  
 Tho' I had offer'd all the world to bribe her,  
 She wou'd but tell me, there was some mistake  
 And speak the rest in tears.

Ric. 'Tis wondrous strange,  
 That Duty urg'd her not; when other women  
 Can speak enough unbrib'd, or uncommanded.  
 But I have happily found out a way  
 T'untie this Gordian knot.

V. R. Speak to the purpose.

Ric. T'was Fate alone, who pitt'd your concern,

And therefore in compassion found a Cure.  
When you were gone, I found this torn note  
Which put together spells a Challenge—*Read it*  
With this back-blow I wound 'em both at once.

[Aside.]

*Vi. R. reads.* Altho' the fair *Miranda* loves you not,  
Yet I'll not bear a Rival tho' unhappy:  
Either renounce all title to her Love,  
Or meet me single in the Parade  
At six this evening, where I'll expect you  
With your Sword to do me right, and  
Satisfy the honour of th' enrag'd.

*Antonio.*

Ha! what shou'd this mean? my wonder but encreases  
Still the more by this mysterious Challenge:  
How cou'd *Albergo* but in honour go,  
When such a dangerous invitation call'd him?

*Ric.* Pardon me Sir, my courage wou'd not blush  
To wave that Doell, which my Love forbids,  
And more your Highness orders put a bar to.  
But here's such reason, hell ne're hatch'd a greater,  
So black a Crime, my Virtue shrinks to name.

*V. R.* It must be monstrous then, if fear'd to name.

*Ric.* Monstrous indeed!

Alas! you take this for *Antonio's* hand.

*V. R.* *Antonio's*, yes, why is it not?

*Ric.* By Heaven and Earth 'tis mine as much as his.

*V. R.* Then there's some horrid plot conceal'd in this:

Tell me the meaning good *Ricardo*, and [Gives Ricardo the Letter.  
Construe these damn'd infernal Characters.

*Ric.* I think the words need no interpretation,  
The meaning's writ in plain downright Italian,  
(It seems he has not politicks enough  
For a dissembling, false, and treacherous Villain)  
Sir, this is but a Counterfeit of his,  
With a pretence of fair *Miranda's* falsehood  
To varnish o'er his own ingratitude.

*V. R.* 'Tis so, 'tis plain; ye Powers, and must I Live  
To see my honours death? to feel my blood  
Thus tramp'd on by an abandon'd Slave?

*Ric.* It works as I cou'd wish.

[Aside.]

*V. R.* Sure there must be

In young *Antonio* some grounds for this,  
Some glimmering flashes of a growing flame;  
By all the Gods I'll Crown his utmost wishes,

And



And date his nuptials from *Alberto's* death.  
 O where has all my injur'd greatness slept?  
 In what dull Lethe has my pride been drown'd?  
 Rouse up my Sluggish'd fury, wake my rage,  
 As such revenge shall fright the wondring Age;  
 Be like a Torrent on *Alberto* hurl'd,  
 And like the Deluge to the Infant world.

[Exit.

Ricardo Solus.

*Ric.* Thanks my kinde Stars, ye Bawds unto my plot.  
 This rage will countenance *Alberto's* murder,  
 And make it seem an act of Loyalty.  
 But first I must expose this to the flames;  
 Then on to build the Fabrick I design  
 Mount *Pelion* upon *Ossa*; bravely done,  
 Thus to ascend the Region of the Sun,  
 And see my glorious web, by second Causes spun.

*Finis Actus Primi.*


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## ACT II. SCENE. I. *The Parade.*

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*Enter Ricardo with Soldiers.*

*Ric.* Come on Gentlemen you have your instructions and your reward,  
 twenty Florins a man.

1. *Soul.* We have, and 'tis enough for this same small piece of villany: Why Sir, we Souldiers, for half so much wou'd kill our Fathers and Brothers, and after that Ravish our Mothers and Sisters.

2. *Soul.* Ay, ay Sir, Ravishing's nothing with us, 'tis our dayly practise.

1. *Soul.* Why I'll you Sir, an' o' my conscience 'tis true—

2. *Soul.* Conscience fellow Souldier, Zounds what hast thou to do with conscience?

1. *Soul.* Who I? why nothing; the Devil I think was in me for having such an unlucky thought. How a plague came I to think of Conscience, that never had any such thing in all my life?

2. *Soul.* Zounds how I shou'd know, that know not what it means.

1. *Soul.* Well; certainly I am the unfortunate'st Dog in the world—  
 but Sir, as I was saying,

1. *Soul.*

*Ric.* Ay Sir, pray go on.

1. *Soul.* For twenty more, we wou'd cut your Honours throat, tho we are so much oblig'd to you for your bounty already.

*Ric.* How !

1. *Sol.* If your Honour shou'd hire us, and pay us well for our pains.

*Ric.* Very likely, that I'de hire you to cut my own throat.

2. *Sol.* An you did, you'd not be the first by twenty, that have done it.

*Ric.* Come no more fooling.

1. *Sol.* Fooling ! why I tell you Sir, 'tis our trade, we cannot live but by murder and cutting of throats : for look you Sir, the blood we drink, and it makes us fat ; the hearts we broil, and eat with Salt and Vinegar, and 'tis wholesome food, Sir : as for the rest o' th body, if it be young and tender we make Venison of it, and present it to our friends and Benefactors, such as your worship, but if tuff and old we give it to Dogs, 'tis not worth our care or preservation.

*Ric.* You say true but now to our business : when he comes, retire if you can, so as to o'rehear us ; but if not, I hope those same unknown things call'd Consciences, that can digest murder so well, as without making wry faces at it, won't bank a little perjury, especially when there's twenty good hard round pieces of Gold to help it down.

2. *Sol.* Never fear it Sir, 'tis another limb of our Trade ; alas we shou'd halt without it : why Sir we every day practice it for Widdows, who out of tender care for their Children will Sequester some of their Mannors to themselves, lest too much plenty shou'd Dabanch 'em.

3. *Sol.* And for such grave Statesmen as your Worships honour, when they have a Suit in Law depending, or any Friend at Court whom they wou'd give a good Character of to the Government.

*Ric.* These are fit instruments, as Hell cou'd send me, And tho' he tamely yields himself a Prisoner Yet shall these Hell-hounds still outswear him, And baffle Justice with their Impudence : Nor will the Vice-Roy now be backward to believe 'em, Since rage has blinded him beyond his reason.

1. *Sol.* Sir, Sir, I hear some body coming, I believe 'tis our prey : Now is my Appetite as sharp as my Sword to be at him.

*Ric.* Retire then and observe the Instructions I gave you.

1. *Sol.* We'll divide the spoil Boys, shan't we ?

*Omnes.* Ay, ay, Agreed : but come let's go.

*Ric.* Now Nemesis assist your Votary.

[ *Exeunt.*

[ *Stands at a distance.*

*Enter Alberto.*

*Alb.* The hour is past, and yet he is not come,  
As if in Justice he allow'd me time

To think and Steel my Sword for Vengeance:

Yet why ye Cruel Powers!

Why have you doom'd me to Revenge,

The Quarrell of my Love upon my Friend?

Was't not enough to hear *Miranda* false,

( To find a spot in that Meridian Sun,

That Silver-Swan, who once like *Leda's* twins

Brush'd the smooth surface of the azur'd Sky

And glid along in gaudy Majesty,

Above the Common Glory of the Starrs: )

To see her quencht, quencht in an *Asphaltites*,

And sprout up to the World an *Ethiop*?

( Oh 'tis a thought that grates upon my heart,

And screws the jarring string untill they crack.

But that my Friend, my Friend should plunge her in,

And be the Tempter of this fall'n Angell,

'Tis Hell, Damnation, and Eternal horror!

*Ric.* What a rare poyson is this Jealousy?

'That's workt, and almost scorch'd him into tinder

Apt to be fir'd with the least spark of passion.

*Alb.* Durst any other snatch her from my Arms?

How wou'd I hug the Stinging Viper,

Till I crush'd out his Poyson with his life,

And smile to see his panting Soul

Dance on my bloody point its way to hell.

*Ric.* Now is the Time—My Lord!

[ comes forward.

*Alb.* Ha! What makes this Court-worm here, This Parasite,

Volume of words, and shadow of a Man?

[ aside.

Perhaps he has heard me fighting out my griefs.

*Ric.* I have my Lord, and they concern me much;

And urge me to declare it to your face,

*Antonio* and you must never fight.

*Alb.* Must never fight? who dares oppose our fighting?

As well they might resist an Angry wind,

Or stop the Current of an Impetuous tide:

Not all the roaring of *Carybdis* Gulf

Shall hush the Clamour of my loud revenge;

Nor Mists engender'd by the Queen of Love,

Shall hide her Darling *Hero* from my Sword.

*Ric.* To what excess of bravery you're rais'd,

And spurn your Absent Foe like worthless dirt:

But once more I must tell you Angry Lord,

*Antonio* and you must ne're engage.

*Alb.* 'Tis false; Dally no longer with my fury;

Left

Let it burst out, and blow thee into Air.

Where is the Man dares combat with my Anger?

*Ric.* What if the Vice-Roy's Orders shou'd controul it?

*Alb.* I laugh at 'em.—

What has State-Interest to do with me,

When both my Love and Honour are at Stake?

*Ric.* What if the Fair *Miranda* should command it?

*Alb.* The fair *Miranda*! O thou hast hit the vein,  
But call not back the Charmer to my mind.

Whom I've in vain attempted to forget.

*Ric.* Then still you love her?

*Alb.* Witness all ye Powers!

How much I love that dear Abandon'd Saint!

And with what joy I'd dye to give her ease;

But cannot yield *Antonio* to her Arms:

Still the tough Mettal of my heart holds out,

And braves the weak efforts of my Ambiguous will.

*Ric.* Now then's the time to throw off all disguise.

Know then, I dare, and will prevent your fighting.

*Alb.* No more, be gone, wake not my sleeping rage,

To tread so poor an Insect into Clay.

*Ric.* That Insect dares your rage Proud Love-sick Lord.

*Alb.* Thou art not worth my Anger: But mark me Statesman,

If thy Tongue breath a Syllable of this,

Or dares prophane the business of my Love

I'll rivet it for ever to its roof:

By heaven I'll bath my Vengeance in thy blood,

And send thee Herald of this horrid News

To ope the Crackling Gates of *Pluto's* Realm

And wait *Antipio's* Coming.

*Ric.* Insolent!

Know'st thou what I am?

*Alb.* A Statesman, and by consequence a Villain;

A Common Prostitute to every bribe,

Who Traffiques Justice for all damning Gold.

*Ric.* I've blood as pure as thine runs through my veins:

Nay more, I am a Lover, and thy Rivall.

*Alb.* My Rivall! Can any Generous passion enter there,

That Impregnable Garrison of Vice?

Or dar'st thou think to Violate my Love,

And offer up thy spurious Flames with mine?

As for *Antonio*, he indeed is worthy of her,

Fair as the day, and the first dawn of Light,

Before polluted with the Shades of Night,



And till this cursed Day a *Pylades* to me.

*Ric.* Your praise of him inflames but me the more :

'Tis I alone deserve her best, and will wear her :

I will possess her, rifle all her sweets,

Whilst you gaze on, despair, and cursing, Dye.

*Alb.* Ha ! sayst thou ? but this arm shall bar thy way

And send to keep company with Ghosts :

There may'st thou revell with some *Proserpine*,

But never think of fair *Miranda* more :

Draw, if thy trembling hand can hold thy sword :

[*Draws.*

*Ric.* It can, and fix it in thy heart *Alberro*—

[*Draws.*

*Alb.* Come no more words, but prove it by thy deeds,

That side o'th side is more convenient,

Shaded with trees, and undisturb'd with noise,

Thither let's repair, but make haste *Ricardo*,

Left thou recover from this fit of Valour, by delay.

*Ric.* On then, and let the Conquerour boast,

I think I am secure,

[*Exeunt.*

[*aside.*

*Enter Soldiers.*

1. *Sol.* Hark ye Comrades, why the Devill shou'd we betray this gallant man (who is our fellow Soldier,) for the pleasure of a cowardly Statesman, who is of a profession, that is our greatest Enemy, and still plotting for Peace, and to hinder our glorious rapines abroad, that they may have the spoil of all at home.

3. *Sol.* Alas poor *Pedro*, and art thou troubled with a qualm of conscience?

1. *Sol.* No faith boy, I'de have you to know that I am a Soldier, and scorn any such baseness ; but why shou'd not we commit this small peice of perjury for a brave fellow that loves us, rather then for a Coward that hates us ?

2. *Sol.* Ay ! but *Pedro* we have his money, and it won'd be ingratitude.

3. *Sol.* Ingratitude ! what's that ?

1. *Sol.* Why a sort of current coin at Court Boys, that runs like quick-silver from one to another : for look ye, don't we dayly see what a crowd of Cringers press there every day, gaping like so many Jack-Daws for preferment, and commonly such as have spent three parts of their Patrimony in presenting, treating, and bribing this Lord or that Squire, this Coxcomb or t'other Fool, and at last for amends, get only a large sum of bare promises and shallow hopes (quite as shallow as his Lordships little-witty quilted noddle :) therefore I'de have nothing to do with it, but leave you all to the Devill to be advis'd.

3. *Sol.* By Saint *Iago* he speaks sense in that ; and I scorn to be backward

ward in any virtuous act, therefore I declare for the Soldier.

2. *Sol.* I am half converted and of thy opinion too: but my safety sticks with me, for this same Lord *Alberto* is on the other hand too Virtuous, and overcharg'd Virtue, you know, is as ugly as when she has nothing but skin and bones on her back.

3. *Sol.* Right: and therefore he'd thank us for saving of him, but hang us for betraying the other.

1. *Sol.* Hum! and i'gad that may be: for faith tho' I love him very well, yet I love my self better; therefore to conclude let us kill 'em both, and then we shall shake hands and part with a merry heart, and a good conscience.

2. *Sol.* No, no, the best way is to seize and apprehend 'em both for duelling, then shall we enjoy our prize by Law, & perhaps be rewarded by the Government for our great Care and circumspection for settling and Securing the affairs of the Nation.

3. *Sol.* Well! thou hast a rare head-piece, a rare head-piece I faith: I shall live to see thee one of these days on the very pinicle of preferment, for ahy Policy.

1. *Sol.* What dost mean, the Gallows?

3. *Sol.* Witty Dog, the Gallows! why faith as thou sayst, the gallows is a pinacle from whence many a weather-cock has been whirl'd off, and with as handsome a farewell as your protesting Courtier gives his humble Servant, that is never to see him more.

2. *Sol.* Well, well, I've policy enough for a Souldier and I care for no more.

1. *Sol.* Ay, ay, and so we have all: but see they're met, and coming this way.

2. *Sol.* The Soldier drives the Cowardly Statesman lightning before him.

*Enter Ricardo driven in by Alberto.*

1. *Sol.* O' Miracle! A Courtier and loose blood in fight: but let's to our work.

*[They seize and disarm 'em.]*

2. *Al.* Ha! betray'd! unband me Slaves.

1. *Sol.* Slave us no Slaves, Sir, we've say'd your life,, and you must get your liberty as well as you can.

*Ric.* Come, since he's seiz'd return my Sword again, That I may drein from out his heart his dearest blood To fill my ebbing Veins: Come let me go.

2. *Sol.* Ha! ha! ha! what can the roaring Lion do when he has lost his Claws and Teeth, but roar? Good noble Squire of the Court you must hire Soldiers to murder a Soldier, and see what comes on't, I thank you we've earn'd our money cheaper a great deal.

*Ric.*



*Ric.* What mean the treacherous Dogs?

3. *Sol.* Mean, why we mean to secure you both: you for bribing us to murder, and him for not bribing us.

*Alb.* Thus heaven can save the Innocent,  
Gainst all assaults, and make the worst of men  
The instrument of good. But false *Antonio*,  
False man, thus to conspire against my life,  
When thou hast rob'd me of my Love, else how  
Shou'd he have known it and prepar'd the means  
For execution: Come Gentlemen, lead the way,  
The way to Death, the end of all my greifs.

1. *Sol.* Our business is to lead you back to prison, since we have given you a reprieve and are taking you from the place of execution.

*Alb.* Wou'd you wou'd lead me to some Labrinth,  
Where I might loose my piercing woes for ever,  
And wander from my self, [Exit Alberto with two Soldiers.]

*Ric.* Ten thousand plagues go with thee.  
Did blood affright you Slaves, your dayly food  
In peace and war? But come, unhand me now.

2. *Sol.* Ha, ha, ha! you think we're in jest, no faith Sir, you'll not find it so: indeed I cou'd be Josose enough sometimes, with such a friend as you are, but that there lags behind (in such a case) hanging in good earnest.

*Ric.* Hell and furies! they deride me too:  
O' that I were a Basilisk for their sakes!  
Yet think ungratefull Villains of the Gold.

3. *Sol.* Prithee talk not to us of gold, when our lives are in danger: The Law runs thus, he that sees a duell, and does not call for help, or seize the Combatants, is equally guilty of the breach of the Law, and under the same penalty, as he that actually engages.

*Ric.* Does not your Conscience sting you for your ingratitude?

2. *Sol.* Conscience! we've got some Court *Opium* of you to lull that asleep.

*Ric.* Impudent Slaves!  
Gods must I then behold my great designs,  
Unravell'd by so base and common hands?  
But this defeat shall heighten my Revenge:  
I'll call each fiend to harbour in my breast,  
And prompt me to the wittiest Acts of horror:  
Nay, I'll pursue him dead, and haunt his Ghost;  
And tho' I'm sunk ten thousand fathoms deep,  
Yet I'll be *Aena* still, and spout up Flames,  
Shall set the Heavens on fire about his Ears,  
And with the mighty ruin ease my Cares.

[Exeunt Omnes]

Scene

S C E N E    *The Court.**Enter Vice-Roy, Antonio, Guards and Attendants.**V. R.* Antonio, saw you your friend to day *Alberto* ?*Ans.* My Lord I did not, and it much concerns me,  
That he should absent himself so long.*V. R.* Nor did you meet my friend honest *Ricardo* ?*Ans.* Honest *Ricardo*, and but plain *Alberto* !  
Sir, you surprize me.*V. R.* I shall surprize you, Sir,  
To tell you, he that is your friend, must cease  
To be your friend, or I commence your Enemy.*Ans.* Forbid it heaven !*V. R.* Grant it propitious heaven, thou shoud'st have said.  
Woud'st thou defile the ermine of thy Soul,  
And mix with such a canker'd poisonous Beast ?  
Even birds of prey peck at their Dearest Mates,  
When false to them, and common with another.*Ans.* Oh hold ! my blood chills at these injurious words  
And cools the warmth which circles round my heart  
My friend corrupted ! no it cannot be,  
*Alberto's* white, purer then driven snow ;  
The very emblem of Man's infant Nature ;  
And clear as opening heaven.*V. R.* And yet as black as Hell :  
False to his King, his Country, and to me ;  
But what is more, false to love and thee.*Ans.* Impossible ! It cannot be !*V. R.* You'l not believe me then ?*Ans.* Pardon me Sir, if that I say I cannot ;  
For sure my friend can never prove Disloyal,  
False to his King, his Country, or to Love :  
When Gods cease to be Gods, and heaven is heaven no more,  
Then will I cease to adore those Gods for ever ;  
But oh they're still immortal and unchang'd,  
So is our friendship kindled by their influence ;  
*Promethean* heat did light it from above,  
And none but heaven can e're put out the fire.  
But Sir, your words imply the knowledge of something  
Which for *Alberto's* sake I'de beg to share in.*V. R.* No ripping up of Circumstances, Sir,

'Tis most unseasonable to our purpose now :  
 Dispell those Clowds, which thus hang o're your brow,  
 And now prepare to meet your coming Joy :  
 To morrows light shall give your long'd for Bride  
 Unto your arms, and tye you fast for ever :  
 You muse, I did not expect this from a Lover !

*Ant.* My Love and Friendship are so near akin  
 That one being hurt, the other feels the smart,  
 And eccho's to it's grief—

Just like a well-tun'd Lute's harmonious strings,  
 One being broke, makes all the rest to Jarr.

*V. R.* 'Tis a fond Eccho of a troubl'd brain  
 And false as wandring Meteors in the night ;  
 If for your friendship you'l be false to Love,  
 Your guilt will equal to *Alberto's* prove ;  
 He but a lower friendship does decline,  
 But you'd Almighty Love for him resigne.

*Ant.* How can I hope to have my Love secure,  
 When it's twin-brother friendship wants a Cure :  
 Besides my happinefs depends on his,  
 Since his consent must consummate my bliss.

*V. R.* Let his consent give place unto my will  
 She's in my power and I will keep her still.

*Ant.* This Sir, wou'd too severe appear in you,  
 To hold by force what is anothers due.

*V. R.* *Alberto's* due you mean ; young man 'tis thine  
 Thy due, nor is it his consent but mine  
 Must rule my Daughter.

*Ant.* Ha ! your Daughter Sir !

*V. R.* My Daughter ? Yes ; I know you think it strange,  
 And wonder at this unexpected change,  
 But I have found that you deserve her best  
 And 'tis *Antonio* she must now possess ;  
 I'll fetch her to you strait.

[*Exit Vice-Roy.*]

*Ant.* Guard me ye Powers !

Did he not say, or did I dream he said ?  
 That my friends Mistriss shou'd be mine ? Oh horror !  
 Weep heart at such a horid thought, weep blood,  
 And drown the Demon in the crimson flood ;  
 Watch friendship, guard the fortress of my Soul,  
 And all this crowding heap of Ill's controul :  
 Fly fond ambition to thy stormy Cell,  
 Or rather sink into thy native Hell.  
 Avaunt ye mushroom glories of the earth,

Whose

Whose fading is as sudden as your birth :  
 Leave me t' enjoy my Mistress and my Friend,  
 And let me never, never these offend.

*Enter Vice-Roy and Miranda.*

*Mir.* By all your hopes, Great Sir,  
 By my dear mothers Ghost, I do conjure you,  
 Revoke this cruell Sentence.

*V.R.* Come no more :  
 There's Fate in every syllable I speak,  
 And if you prize *Alberto's* life, receive him  
 As one who shortly must command you.

*Ant.* Stand firm my friendship 'gainst the mighty shock. *[Aside]*

*Mir.* I know you do but try my constancy,  
 You'd curse me from your blood were I disloyall,  
 And false to him, tho' he's unkind to me.  
 How did you trembling stand, all struck with horror,  
 To think he shou'd forget his Vows to me,  
 And shou'd I copy him ?

*V.R.* You plead in vain,  
 His doom stands fixt, unless you repeal it ;  
 I have no time to argue, think, and resolve :  
 Here's the reward of your long smother'd flames,  
 And fortune gives you an hour unask'd,  
 What you scarce dar'd to wish for untill now.  
 I leave her here, to clear the rest. *[Exit with Guards & Attendants.]*

*Ant.* What mean these prodigies ? but see she weeps ;  
 Perhaps she thinks to thaw my nature by her tears,  
 And wash away my Virtue with the dew. *[Aside.]*

*Mir.* Assist me all ye Powers that favour Love.  
 My noble Lord. *[Aside.]*

*Ant.* O strike me with some leprosy kind heaven,  
 Blot even natures genuine image out,  
 That I may be a monster to her eyes.

*Mir.* This musing gives a Vent unto my hopes,  
 Perhaps his friendship Struggles still for life,  
 And with some aid may yet recover breath. *[Aside]*  
 That you are Generous, the World can witness,  
 Your bravery the haughty French do mourn,  
 And *Naples* sav'd, proclaims *Antonio's* Valour.

*Ant.* Oh tempting Charmer !

*Mir.* But there are virtues, which besit a Court,  
 And sound much softer then the rugged stile of war.

Love,



Love, the prerogative of Heaven and Gods,  
 The Polisher of yet unfinish'd Nature,  
 Which separates and refines the dross of man,  
 And brings the golden Age upon the Soul :  
 And friendship bears such sympathy with Love,  
 You cannot have the one without the other :  
 Once you did own a friend, and Love him too ;  
 Once your twin-Souls did kindly mix together,  
 Your hearts beat time, and measur'd every thought ;  
 You squar'd your actions to each other's will,  
 And each desire did center in his friend.

*Ant.* We did, we do, and hope we ever shall :  
 There is Divinity in all you say ?  
 But yet there still remains a harsh conclusion,  
 Why wou'd you then seek to destroy that friendship  
 To cancell all the Sacred bonds, and stain  
 Your Virgin-beauties with so foul a Crime ?

*Mir.* Ha ! what does he mean ?

*Ant.* Think Madam, oh think :  
 Think of *Alberto's* worth, his constant Love,  
 How ill he merits from *Miranda* this :  
 But if you've cruelly resolv'd his death,  
 Let not *Antonio* be his murderer :  
 How wou'd the damn'd in Hell be ague-struck,  
 And double all their pains by contraries ?  
 How wou'd they hate the abhor'd light,  
 And think the dismall shades the happier place  
 Where all such monstrous villany they shun,  
 But still repent for what on earth they've done ?

*Mir.* Be witness heaven how Innocent am I,  
 And oh reflect *Antonio* on your guilt.  
 You've argu'd justly in your own defence,  
 Why shou'd you then betray so brave a friend,  
 And draw such vengeance on your guilty head ?  
 But oh too late, as well I might call back  
 Times fleeting sand, or bid the labouring Sun  
 Turn retrograde in its diurnall Course ;  
 For he is gone, for ever lost to me.  
 Yet think not that I'll quench thy impurer flames,  
 I'll sooner seek a Satyr of the Woods,  
 Embrace a Leopard, mix with ravenous Wolves,  
 For they're more clear, and more relenting far :  
 But oh ! Death is the welcom'st guest to me,  
 To embrace a shroud, and kiss the weeping Marble,

Till we're Incorporate, both cold alike,  
So turn like *Niobe* into a Stone.

*Ant.* Instruct me heaven what means this show of rage :  
Madam you load me with a Crime unknown,  
And still forestall what I wou'd say to you ;  
But let these fruitless accusations cease,  
And tell me how I have betray'd *Alberto*.

*Mir.* Hast thou not ? —

*Ant.* What ? Speak —

*Mir.* But here I'me lost again,  
My Father charg'd me not to clear the truth  
And Tyrant duty compells me to obey.

*Enter Maria.*

What means that ghastly look ; *Maria* speak :  
Dost thou bring ought of comfort or despair ?

*Mar.* I'll speak the truth, howe're it fatal prove :  
Just now arriv'd some Soldiers to your father,  
Who say, they've seiz'd *Alberto* and *Ricardo*  
For Duelling.

*Mir.* What, and Imprison'd too ?

*Mar.* Worse Madam, your enrag'd Father swears  
His life is forfeit, and it shall be paid,  
Yet now has sent to bring *Ricardo* to him.

*Mir.* Oh Tyrant Father ! greater Tyrant thou, [ to Ant.  
Who Triumphs thus, over two bleeding hearts,  
Which both expire by thy Treachery.

*Ant.* I'me at a loss for words to express my wonder ;  
Madam, I'me hush'd, and will accuse no more  
Since I'me confirm'd you love *Alberto* still,  
But still unkindly you maintain your charge 'gainst me,  
Fill me with blackest Ideas of a Crime  
I loath to name. But I must tell you, Madam,  
The fair *Afella's* Image is rooted here,  
And not to be defac'd by all your Charms,  
Nor think your Fathers grant, or vain Ambition  
Can ever blast my love, and make me change.

*Mir.* Too late this forc'd Repentance comes from you  
Since Death's his Doom, and not to be repeal'd.

*Ant.* I will make reparation, tho' not guilty ;  
Such reparation Madam, will convince you,  
That friendship's deaver to this breast, then life.

*Mir.* What can'st thou do to counterveil his death ?

*Ant.*

*Ant.* Ple save him tho' I perish in th' attempt :  
Ple ransom from him his unjust confinement,  
Or leave my life to appease your jealousy.

*Mir.* This will be noble, and may clear my doubts,  
Go, and success attend your brave endeavours.  
Away, and give me life or death ; since my weak thread  
Depends on his, and drops when he's cut off.

[Exit. Mir. & Mar.]

*Ant.* *Alberto* thus confin'd ? It shall not be ;  
Ple snatch him from the very jaws of Death,  
And shield him from the stroke of angry fate.

[Going.]

*Enter Astella.*

*As.* Turn thee *Antonio*, turn Ambitious youth.

*Ant.* My dear *Astella* here ? O my fair Saint  
This is a day of wonders, mighty wonders,  
Such as must Separate a while my Soul,  
And force me to thy Brother, and my friend.

*As.* Wonders indeed, that such a Votary  
As you shou'd turn Apostate unto Love,  
And pay your vows unto another Saint.

*Ant.* Ha my *Astella* ! this is still more strange,  
In what perplexity am I involv'd ?  
I think the Planets tread in mistick rounds,  
And all the Stars are hatching fatal riddles.

*As.* In vain you'd seek a shroud to hide your guilt,  
Loves jealous eyes with ease can pierce your Soul,  
And mak't transparent as a Cristall mirror.

*Ant.* What a gross fate has heaven allotted me,  
To make me ignorantly thus a Villain,  
A Villain to my Mistress and my friend,  
Yet cannot learn my Crime to either ?

*As.* Yet my *Antonio*, why shou'd you prefer  
The barren and uncertain joys ambition yields,  
Before Loves calmer and more solid sweets ?  
How have you call'd yon shining Orbs to witness  
The purer flame which circl'd in your breast,  
And swore the fixed Stars shou'd change their sphere,  
E're you forgot *Astella* for another.

*Ant.* Was ever love in such a maze as mine,  
That all her softness cannot melt my nature ?  
The rugged figure of *Alberto*'s prison  
Has rac'd out for a while the impressions of my love.  
Credit me Madam, I can never change :

[Aside.]

*Then*

Then speak not words so fatal to my peace,  
Nor from this sullen temper fondly gather,  
I Love no more, but anger clouds my Love.

*Ass.* Heaven knows and you what cloud eclipses it,  
But I'll repine no longer at your choice,  
Nor think I'm wretched, whilst *Antonio*'s happy.  
But let me beg you to defer your joys  
Till I am wither'd by a milder grief,  
And languish by a gentle death from you.

*Ant.* This kindness from her, wounds me but the deeper,  
Since I want power to make a fit return:  
By heaven my heart is yours, as it was ever  
But I must pay a duty to my friend,  
Which done I will return, and doubly blest,  
Whilst he shall give your hand, but you the rest.

*Ass.* This ill-tun'd Joy's but a forc'd harmony,  
These words are all but Mandrakes notes to me:  
Yes my *Antonio*, thou art false, inconstant,  
As the leaf that's blown with every winde:  
I read it in his eyes, yet cannot chide,  
It were not rigor shou'd I blame the false one,  
And vent the sorrows of an injur'd Love  
But oh I cannot be so much a Woman:  
Ye Powers that form'd this peice of Misery  
Why made ye me so soft, and him so cruell?  
Yet ere I will proceed some means I'll try,  
Which if they fail, there still remains to dye.  
Thus I'll redeem the credit of my Sex,  
For when my fatal Story shall be told,  
Succeeding times shall change their harsh decree,  
And with united Voices all agree,  
That Man's the Emblem of Inconstancy.

[Exit]

[Exit]

### ACT III. SCENE. I. A Prison.

*Enter Jaylor, with Purse.*

*Jay.* Be true to thy Profit still say I *Stephano*. *Ricardo* has given me fifty chequins to release him, and says he'll save my throat, and be my friend at Court; when at the same time, here are some come with Orders from the Vice-Roy to free him, which he knows not of. Again here's

which



within young *Antonio*, who has given me a hundred more for his friend, the Lord *Alberto*: now 'tis a Sin to refuse *Jove* descending in a golden shower into my lap, and a greater Sin to be hang'd: Well *Stephano* lay thy wits together, and for once outwit a Statesman, and out-promise a Courtier.—who's there?

*Enter Officers with two or three more.*

*Off.* Is my Lord *Ricardo* ready yet?

*Jay.* Sir, he's a little busy at present, and desires no noise near him; but if you'll be pleas'd to retire and wait at the door facing *St. Jaques's*, I'll conduct him to you strait.

*Off.* Well make halt honest *Jaylor*:

[*Exeunt*]

*Jay.* I think I nick't it, just i'th nick: Wit and Pollicy together, that's too much for once; but now to my business [*goes and unlocks a door.*] My Lord you may come out, if you please.

*Enter Alberto.*

*Alb.* What means this mercy from my *Jaylor*?

*Jay.* O my Lord, no complements: but Ray a little and Ple fetch you your sword.

[*Exit*]

*Alb.* Let fate interpret this misterious dealing,

For I'm envelop'd still in double night;

The light o'th Sun I yet may chance to see;

But oh *Miranda*!

*Miranda's* Set, for ever set to me.

*Enter Jaylor.*

*Jay.* Here's your accoutrements Sir; and here's a key which opens the back-door leading to *Porto Santo*, make hast, lest you be discover'd and I suspected.

*Alb.* Fate niggard gives me happiness by halves,  
Since I'm unable to requite this goodness. But here's to reward thee.

[*gives him money.*]

*Jay.* I am sufficiently rewarded, my Lord, in my own conscience, and your Lordships innocency—[*and in Antonio's money.*]

*Alb.* Be silent still the night, and wink ye Stars,

Guide me where I may find this faithless friend,

And all my sorrows shall for ever end.

[*Exit.*]

*Jay.* So much for him: but now go on and prosper. Will say I; I shall oblige 'em all three, and cheat 'em all three.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Jaylor !

Jay. Who's there ?

Ant. A friend : Is my Lord *Alberto* dress'd yet ?

Jay. I'll go see, and if he be ready, I'll bring him to you. [Ex.

Ant. Now, shall we solve this Sophistry of Hell,  
And kill the *Hydra* that invented it.

Enter Jaylor leading Ricardo.

Jay. He sec'd me to free *Alberto*, from which I study'd your  
Escape, and keep the other still in durance.

Ric. Excellent Engine, I'll improve his sec.  
But how shall I escape undiscover'd ?

Jay. Why Sir, you may traverse your ground here in the dark, and  
go out without speaking to him, and at the door, I've plac'd some friends,  
that will Conduct you to the *Vice-Roy*, since you say you're sure of being  
wellcome to him.

Your friend Sir, will come out immediately : [to Antonio.

Now I've got a hundred and fifty pieces, I'll fairly run away, and if I'm  
catch'd, 'tis better to be hang'd with satisfaction, then to go to the Gal-  
lows with a craving Stomach,

For a full belly will weigh down the Rope,

But penury must ne're be a pardon hope. [Exit.

Ant. I hear some tread ; my dear *Alberto*, Friend,  
Where are you ?

Ric. You shall be with your friend, ne're fear it : so farewell  
If I can hit the door. [goes upon Antonio.

Ant. Wellcome my dear *Alberto*, to these Arms,  
Wellcome to life, to friendship, and to love. [Ric. slabs Anto.

Ric. I hope I've sign'd our Friendship Sir in blood.

Ant. Wounded ! Oh Heavens ! and by *Alberto's* hand !  
Ungratefull Traytor ! yet I'll know the cause. [draws.

Ric. You shan't, if I can possibly avoid it :  
This is rare mischief, thus with a randome blow  
To sow such Serpents teeth, which when they spring  
In hisles will each others requiem sing. [Exit.

Ant. O power of destiny to change a breast,  
Which virtue seem'd to challenge as her own :  
That he shou'd fear the presence of his friend,  
And seek to give him death, who sav'd his life ;  
Horror choaks up my words, and damps my heart,  
I feel his hand, and not his Dagger Smart.

[Exit. Scene

S C E N E *The Pallace.**Enter Vice-Roy and Miranda.*

*V. R.* Slighted again ? what do the Slaves conspire  
To make a mock of *Naples* second Monarch ?  
By all my wrongs I will endur't no longer,  
But they shall feel the weight of injur'd greatness :  
Where is *Antonio* ? Guards go fetch him strait ;  
Hurl him through Hells of torture to my hands,  
That I may heighten all his Misery,  
And double all the wounds which he gives me.

*Mir.* O Sir, what villain has inspir'd this rage,  
Or is it I that have inflam'd you thus ?  
Know Royall Sir,

'Twas I that breath'd the calm repentance in him,  
And call'd his wandering Love to it's first flame,  
Then fix'd his friendship to *Alberto's* name.

*V. R.* Friendship ! I'll hew that title from between 'em ;  
Eternall Mists shall seperate 'em for ever.

Friends ; so were bloody *Cassius* and *Bruus* ;  
When they conspir'd great *Cæsars* overthrow,  
And all the world did mourn the fatall blow.  
But *Trenes* thou that durst oppose my will  
Shall be immur'd for ever from the day,  
In some dark Cloister, sigh thy wearied life out ;  
There may'st thou tire the Saints with *Orisons*,  
And each return a curse upon thy head.

*Mir.* Be deaf ye Powers, and hear not his request :  
Till these last words you were an Oracle.

Oh ! if *Alberto's* doom be not revers'd  
Let me be the Companion of his death ;  
Then I'll enjoy him with a purer flame,  
Then hand in hand we'll tread the milky way,  
Whilst all the Stars shall sicken at our Loves.

*V. R.* Whilst all the Stars shall sicken at the sight ;  
Enjoy him ! no, by hell you never shall :  
I'll summon all that Magick art can do,  
To clog thy Soul in it's swift flight away :  
That pois'd equally 'twixt heaven and hell,  
Thy body here may rot on earth, thy Soul  
Grow to one horrid Mass of black despair,

*And*

And hang a threatening Storm amidst the air.  
Weep on, weep poyson to infect the world,  
And plague mankind, as thou'rt tormented me.

[Enter Ricardo.

But here's a friend will countervail my griefs  
Here let me ease my Soul into thy breast,  
Here find a Subject, and a Child in thee:

[Embraces him.

Ric. How fares it with my Royal Lord?

V. R. As with the indigested Embrio of the World,  
When infant Nature labour'd with a Chaos,  
Wanting as yet the kind Almighty Fiat,  
To midwife the rude birth into an order:  
My Soul like the Seeds of being in their first mixture  
Is grown a peice with grief and madness.

Ric. Trust me I weep for joy, and grief at once,  
I grieve your sorrows, and I mourn your wrongs,  
But pardon me if that I joy to see you thus,  
And find my honest nature constru'd right.  
But, ha! the fair *Miranda* here in tears!

V. R. Mind 'em not friend, they're all but Bastard-feed,  
The muddy offspring of a froward mind.  
Begone thou Child of night, but mine no more,  
Avaunt I say thou Poyson to my Eyes:  
Leave me, for ever leave me; and may thy breast,  
Feel torments great as mine, but never rest.

[Exit Miranda.

Ric. But never rest, this to your Daughter, Sir?

V. R. Be thou my Daughter, and enjoy my heart,  
For all run Counter to my will, but Thee:  
But speak what fortune has detain'd thee thus?

Ric. I fear to speak, since it sums up a charge  
Gainst two, whom till this night I most respected:  
I fought *Alberto* in my Masters cause,  
Whom he had injur'd by a proud disdain,  
When strait some Souldiers seeing us engag'd,  
Disarm'd and led us both to Prison: but  
My Jaylors kindness free'd me, or his cruelty:  
For strait I met *Antonio* in the dark,  
Who with his Rapier made a fruitless pass,  
Glancing o're my shoulder: I clos'd with the Assassinate,  
And with my dagger wounding him I broke loose.  
Thus Sir I purchas'd my escape to you.

V. R. What, do they mean t'usurp my power then,



By cutting off it's surest prop that's left?

Or do they think I am my Masters Log,

A Passive thing for them to tread upon?

*Ric.* Now all my Plots are ripe; my golden hopes  
Are ready for projection.—Perhaps my Lord

*Miranda* was the occasion of this malice.

*V. R.* What sayst thou?

*Ric.* Alas! what have I said indeed?

Periaps—[*what shall I say?*]—*Miranda* Sir—

*V. R. Miranda* Sir, why sticks your story there,  
As if it ended in *Miranda's* name?

*Ric.* Nothing, but Sir, another thought disturb'd me.

*V. R.* Another? no Sir, 'tis that thought disturbs you;  
You echo'd to *Miranda* with a sigh:

Ple have it out, be quick and do not urge me.

*Ric.* Oh do not force me Sir to such a Crime!

*V. R.* A Crime! I'm amaz'd.

*Ric.* You will be Sir amaz'd when I shall tell it;  
But spare my life, and grant me a reprieve.

*V. R.* Your life *Ricardo*!

*Ric.* Yes Sir my life, which if I speak is forfeited,  
And I must disobey if silent:

Yet 'tis resolv'd, I'll dye a thousand deaths,

Rather then brand my Loyalty; but oh!

My words will strike it dead, and silence blasts it,

They blow away my fame so dearly priz'd,

And all for one rash error of my tongue.

*V. R.* I'm all dissolv'd in wonder!

*Ric.* Yet I will speak you've forc'd it from my breast,

And pull'd my heart-strings with it—[*knels*] Sir—I love her.

Now tread th'aspiring worm to its Element,

Now gather in your breath, rally the wand'ring atoms

To curse this proud Ambitious Traytor dead:

Yet why am I thus my own Accuser,

When I shou'd blame my fate, and not my will?

Forgive my heedless Stars forgetfulness,

And O permit the monster to retire

To the Chaos whence it sprung, and where it ever

Had buried laid, and in perpetuall darkness,

But that you Sir, by a Diviner influence,

With one Command like a prevailing Charm

Struck life into the confused heap of matter,

And usher'd to the light the unwilking birth.

*V. R. Ricardo* rise——I find my Spirits sink;

*Trembling*

Trembling to mix my Nobler blood with his ;  
 Yet thus I'de cut *Alberio* to the heart—  
 Tying this knot, I untwine his thread of life,  
 And cheaply gain to rule his fate and him :  
 'Tis done, my anger has ore'come my pride ;  
 And rage has conquer'd, what Desert cou'd never.  
*Ricardo.*—

*Ric.* My Royall Lord.

*V. R.* Have you consider'd what you've said,  
 Or has my goodness thus embolden'd you ?

*Ric.* I've weigh'd (Great Sir) your goodness, and your high descent ;  
 On the other side, my weak and empty merits :  
 Your favour was the Air, in which I breath'd,  
 But soon as Justice had near gain'd the Cause,  
 Love, Tyrant Love, that Arbitrary Boy  
 Kick't up the ballance, broke the Sacred Scales ;  
 And like Divinity without respect  
 Is equally obey'd by King and Peasant.

*V. R. Ricardo,* Justice has obtain'd the Cause :  
 [*Embraces.*] My Son—but take that title without her ;  
 For when I think of her, the thought's a Curse.

*Ric.* Ha ! do I dream, or did you say, my Son !  
 Let me for ever thus embrace your knees,  
 For words wou'd be allay unto my gratitude.

*V. R.* Rise my best friend ; and since it must be so,  
 To morrow she is yours.

*Ric.* But Sir—

*V. R.* Yes, Spite of her resistance my *Ricardo*,  
 She's yours, or heavens. But now no more :  
 Th'approaching midnight warns us unto rest,  
 Sleep but this night my Son, secure from harms,  
 The next you Anchor in *Miranda's* arms.

[*Exit.*

*Ric.* Thus like an Eagle, when he Soars above,  
 And cuts the yielding Air to seize his quarry,  
 Basks in the Clouds, and glances tow'rds the earth,  
 Then seems to drive his flight another way,  
 But all is to delude his easy prey :  
 So I, like the new Marriners o'th Court  
 By different points steer to my wish't for Port ;  
 By being *Ganymede*, I cozen *Jove*,  
 But since I'me favour'd by the Powers above ;  
 Be still the rest, and be Triumphant Love ;

}  
 [*Exit.*

*The Scene changes to a Yard behind the Prison.**Enter Lopez with a Party of Rabble.*

*Lop.* Come my brave Friends let us attack these sawcy Walls that dare confine my Master, treacherously betray'd into the Nooze by a Cowardly Courtier.

*1<sup>st</sup>. Rab.* What Courtier honest *Lopez*, I'll spit him upon the point of a needle, unless he be a friend to our Society, a modish, foppish one.

*Lop.* Nay, then I have him fast. [*Aside.*] 'Tis he that has kept all this coil about fashions, who to please the *Sec-Roy* wou'd metamorphose us all into *Spaniards*, that is, wou'd cut your trade shorter by the sleeves.

*1<sup>st</sup>. Rab.* Oh how my blood boils against the Villain! what turn us all into Children with hanging-sleeves? and clip our profit with the heels of his ambition and avarice? my blood's as hot, as if there were a 100. fleas stimulating my courage.

*2<sup>d</sup>. Rab.* What's his name, that we may go on? men never commen'd *Heroes* by talk but action. (Now I think on't these walls are tame things enough, they'll suffer a blow without returning it, nor are there any port-holes to kill a man unawares; if they within will be Civill, we'll deal most manfully with the out-guards.)

*Lop.* Pray give me leave——'Tis he who wou'd banish long *Toledo*, and wou'd bring in a new kind of a harmless *Rapier* o' a foot and a half long to prevent duells——nay, he motion'd once, that *Gentlemen* shou'd wear wooden blades, so that we shou'd not have had a murder in a whole week.

*3<sup>d</sup>. Rab.* O' the Villain, there's my occupation defunct; but who is it all this while?

*Lop.* No matter: now to our business, know you for what you came here?

*1<sup>st</sup>. Rab.* Yes, to free your master.

*Lop.* Do you know how he came to prison?

*2<sup>d</sup>. Rab.* Upon his legs; our business is to take him from it, and not to examine how he came to't.

*Lop.* Then where's the justice of your Cause?

*3<sup>d</sup>. Rab.* In our Swords, where shou'd it be? Cause quotha! why Lawyers deal with Causes, and they're no fighting men.

*Lop.* Very wittily argu'd, but——soft, who's here? are they friends or enemies? hark ye my Lads, if these prove foes, stand your ground stoutly; while I valiantly quit mine. [*Aside.*]

*Enter on t'he other side Bernardo with another Party of Rabble.*

*Ber.* Now *Heroes*, since we are embark't so far on this honourable expedition, let us consider further, what we have to do. This is all the contrivance of that damn'd Rascall *Lopez*.

*Lop.* Hum! 'tis *Bernardo*, come upon the same design with me, but I'll send him away — Come on friends, this is the Servant to that Courtier I told you of, come to release his master, and hinder our design: he has but two or three softheads with him; say, shall we let him?

*Omni.* No, no, knock him down, knock him down.

*Ber.* Hold, hold, I beg your pardon *Seignior Lopez*, what I said of you was but a complement in Masquerade.

*Lop.* You have it for that fine expression; but now I must chastise you for something else.

*Ber.* Hold friend, I came not here to fight, nor am I at present in case to command my army; for I am as impotent as an Eunuch, or a Nobleman of fourscore, as hungry as a besieg'd City, and as dry as a Dutch Commentator.

*Lop.* You'll be the easier conquer'd: come we'll rid you of all your wants.

*Ber.* How?

*1st. Rab.* By death Sawcy upstart; how dare you ask us questions?

*Ber.* Death! a pox on't, I care for't the least of any thing in the world: 'tis the very bane of greatness; a monster that devours more of all sorts at a meal, than Taylors halfpenny loaves and pick'd cucumbers, or Usurers decay'd Gentlemen in a whole year. — Gentlemen, I thank you for your love, but I had rather continue my distemper than take such an Antidote.

*1st. Rab.* O Rascall! he abuses our calling: my honour's concern'd now, and if you put it up —

*Lop.* Then am not I fit to command an army of brave Citizens. Come to your ranks; are you all ready? I begin to grow hoarse with this command, Hum, hum! what a thirsty thing this valour is?

*Ber.* What do you mean, will you force your remedies upon me?

*2d. Rab.* Yes, if you won't take them civilly, or defend your self against them.

*Lop.* Come, will you chuse to dye in the bed of honour, or be buried alive in the grave of infamy?

*Ber.* I must think of some means to escape these valiant Dogs: Oh I have it now! [*aside.*] Generall *Lopez*, to save the innocent blood, let us decide our differences by single Combat, and engage upon our military honours, that our men shall not strike a stroke, till one of us falls.

*Lop.* Agreed, retire brave Soldiers [*aside to 'em*] and d'ye hear when his party's gone, come you forward and rescue your magnanimous General! — Come *Bernardo*

*Let you and I,  
The Battle Try.*

*1st. Rab.*



*1st. Rab.* With all our hearts, for 'tis cruelty not valour to fight when there's no need :

*Ber.* But how shall I trust you ?

*Lop.* Upon my honour.

*1st. Rab.* By all my Pedigree, by the first founder of our occupation.

*Ber.* A long Oath Mr. Taylor, stretch'd from the beginning of the world, 'twill hold—And now *Lopez*, since we are engag'd to make our men idle spectators, let's to our Combat—but it must be the next time we meet, and so farewell, ha, ha, ha !

[*Exit.*]

*Lop.* Cowardly Dog ! but 'tis the same thing : let's mind what we came for, and now how shall we contrive to release my Master ?

*2d. Rab.* Nay, look you to that :

*Lop.* Why I do look, and may look long enough for ought I see, before I finde any way : you shou'd have consider'd of that before-hand Mr. Thimble.

*1st. Rab.* I am not such a fool to make my self mad.

*Lop.* Why then I think the war's done, so let every Man retire to his quarters—but then I loose the hope of a reward and may starve too—My friends—yet I had better grow tall and strait by famine, than monstrous crooked by hanging : Besides there is a great deal of Pleasure in dying in a whole skin, and in this adventure I may be Carbonado'd—go get you home—but then my honour—a pox of honour, 'tis the most unciwill thing, it never consults a mans safety—upon mature deliberation, 'tis our will and pleasure that you either go or stay, and if you disobey in our last command, look to't.

[*Exit.*]

*1st. Rab.* Well this is a fortunate business, we shall be accounted *Heroes*, and be no more affronted by the Officers ; nay, they'll tremble to appear before us ; and cease to make assignations with our wives to our faces ; again, *Alberto* will be ours for ever if he escape, and if not we are safe ; and all without bringing our valour to the test, or once confronting the enemy. Come neighbours, 'tis a rare adventure, ha, ha, ha !

*Omnes.* Ay faith Neighbour so it is ; ha, ha, ha !

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

### Scene the Pallace-Yard.

*Enter Alberto in the Dark.*

*Alb.* Thus like a Ghost I wander in the night,  
With discontent to seek my murderer,  
To thunder in his ears his breach of friendship,  
And be the Herauld of divine revenge ;  
Then silently retire to shades again :

But oh they're passable and light as air,  
 Whilst I've a mine of lead sits heavy here,  
 Presses my heart, and sinks me to despair.

*Enter Lopez.*

*Lop.* Well I've dismiss my popular Subjects, since there's no good to be done: my Master must weather to'cher night out, and perhaps he may sleep better there, for he'll not have the cruelty to wish his Mistress with him; when in the Palace, he'll tire the moon with his sighs and hei-hoes, devour a bed-post with embraces, and antedate all the reall pleasure by forehand wishes and imagination.

*Alb.* What voice is this and in the dead of night

That talks of wishes and imagination?

Perhaps it is some Rivall in my misery,

That comes to weep his story to the Stars:

But sure they're Bankrupts now, since they have spent

All their malignant influence on me. But I'll listen.

*Lop.* I've been considering of a remedy, if my Master will apply it; Can't he make use of my blew-ey'd *Bianca*, my delicate brown *Angelica*, or my sweet short-nos'd *Fortia*, and think that he has his mistress in his Arms. I have heard some great Philosophers say, that all the pleasure of Women is but fancy, and can't he then as well fancy one woman for another, as fancy that to be a pleasure which is none. But whilst I think of him, I forget my self: I am very sleepy, and must take up with the large Canopy of Heaven for once: Well in the name of Satan, I'll lock up my doors, and converse with my self for a while: [Lies down and

*Alb.* It is my Servant *Lopez* opportunely come,

For I shall have occasion now to use him: *Lopez!* [Covers himself

*Lop.* Ha! who's that? Now if this shou'd be the Devill come to take me before my time, what a pickle shou'd I be in: well I'll cheat the grand Cheater for once, for I'll lye as if I was Dead, that he may go back to hell, and see for my Soul, and in the mean time I'll escape. [With a Cloak.

*Alb.* *Lopez*, where art thou?

*Lop.* Ah, good Mr. Devill. he's gone, quite congeal'd to a Jelly.

*Alb.* Rise, Sirrah, here's no Devill.

[Kicks him.

*Lop.* Oh, oh, I feel his cloven hoof scorch me thro' my breeches.

*Alb.* Get up, 'tis I, is the fool mad?

*Lop.* 'Tis my Masters voice, it must be so; he has been Murder'd in Prison; and the Devill is come in his shape to Barter with me: I'd fain speak if I durst.

*Alb.* Do so, and leave fooling.

*Lop.* Good Mr. Voice and Foot, what are you, to whom do you belong?

*Alb.* I think the Slave's distracted; I am thy Master, *Alberto*.

*Lop.*

*Lop.* My Master! Oh no! yet I must be bold and speak.

[*Rises.*]

*Alb.* Go on.

*Lop.* First Master Devill, I must own you to be a *Demon* of Quality, by your good manners, that you come in a shape so familiar to me, and that you don't bring Hell with you in your eyes: But as for being my Master, you know I have serv'd him faithfully in this World, and 'tis too hard to serve him in both, at least till I am dead, and as pure a Spirit as he, and it is not fair, that an honest Devill, as I hope you are, shou'd stretch my service beyond the limits of Matrimony.

*Alb.* This is Frenzy beyond all patience!  
Did ever madness run to such a height?

*Lop.* Prithee, be not so impatient, but hear me out, an hungry Judge, or Guardian Ulurer wou'd be more conscientious than you: if you be come to punish me for my telling of the Challenge, I answer, that truly I did designe to prevent your fighting, but was overheard a plotting, by your friend *Ricardo*.

*Alb.* Ha! *Ricardo*?

*Lop.* Ay Sir, for he swore he'd blunt your adversaries sword with his blood; so I trusting your safety to him, retir'd. This is the Sum of what I have to say in my own defence, and I refer my Cause to a Jury of Spirits, but let 'em appear invisibly, and if they finde me guilty, condemn me to the Gallies of *Acheron*, if not, resign your black *Habeas corpus*, and sign my acquittance by immediate vanishing.

*Alb.* This might divert another, but not me.

This simple Story carries wonders with it,  
For *Lopez* did not know the place appointed,  
Yet was *Ricardo* ready with his Murderers.  
Oh 'tis too plain! 'twas my false friends design;  
But that's but small, for I was slain before  
A moving lump of clay without a Soul.

*Lop.* Now is this *Archidiabolo* giving Instructions to the invisible Jury.

*Alb.* *Lopez*, throw off this fond affected fear:  
Feel me, I'm flesh and blood; a Man as thou art,  
And not the *Demon* of thy murder'd Master.

*Lop.* Whose *Demon* are you then *Seignior*?

*Alb.* The Slave perverts my words to serve his folly;  
I am alive, escapt from Prison;

*Lop.* That is as much as to say,  
From Hell; did you leap the Walls, or shoot the Gulf?

*Alb.* Sure I'm mistaken all this while; art thou *Lopez*?

*Lop.* As sure as you'r the Devill. But who the Devill sent you to me?

*Alb.* Ridiculous! approach me and feel thou Insidell,  
And then believe thy Senses.

*Lop.* Well, so I wou'd, if I were so stout—but I'll make up that  
with.

With policy—upon these conditions, I'll approach; first, that you do not breath upon me, and infect me with the air of Hell; *adv.* That when I'm close to you, you don't contract your self into a mouthfull of air, then leap down my throat, and by inspiration get me with Child of a young *Belzebub*.

*Alb.* Will this mad humour never leave him? try me;

*Lop.* Well, I'll take your word for once:—his' worships well dress flesh and blood upon my life—but are you sure you are alive, Sir?

*Alb.* If ever thou didst know me so, I am.

*Lop.* Hum—your pardon *Seignior*, a wiser man than I might mistake, finding you here at this time of night, and so expert as to break thro' your prison walls.

*Alb.* That miserie's too deep for thee to dive in:  
But now retire and sleep, for I perceive thou want'st it,  
And when the morning dawns I will awake you.

*Lop.* I thank you, Sir.

[*Exit*,

*Enter Antonio.*

*Alb.* Hark! Something I hear again tread near this place;  
Who shou'd it be? *Antonio*? no!  
He lies secure within *Astranda's* arms,  
Enjoys, and rifles all my hoarded sweets,  
Then tir'd with bliss, and the excess of joy  
Leans on her panting breasts, and falls asleep.  
Oh my poor heart!

[*sighs*

*Ant.* How have I chang'd my state of happiness,  
And fall'n from all my hopes in one black day?  
Like *Oedipus* I'm innocent, yet guilty,  
But feel a punishment as great as his,  
My freind and mistress fled away at once;  
*Astella*! Oh my Love!

*Alb.* By hell, and all it's horrors 'tis he:  
Oh my swoln heart, why dost thou tremble thus?  
Thou that has fac'd Grim death in all it's Pageant-greatness:  
When here's a greater foe before thee,  
The Serpent rob'd thee of thy Paradise.

*Ant.* It is *Alberic's* voice: Instruct me heaven  
What's due unto my Honour and my Friendship.

*Alb.* *Antonio*!

*Ant.* Yes *Alberic*.

*Alb.* He that was my friend, I think.

*Ant.* The same.

*Alb.* 'Tis false, thou never wert my friend.

*Ant.*



*Ant.* 'Tis well, proceed *Alberto*.

*Alb.* Yes Traytor, I will proceed,  
Untill thy bloated face proclaim thy Guilt  
And bursting, spit thy Vepom out.  
Seekt thou not revenge Triumphant on my Sword,  
(Which maugre darkness shines like the *Meridian Sun*)  
Longing to quench its thirsty wishes in thy blood,  
And glimmering in the Scarlet sky to set?  
Be quick and satisfy it.

*Ant.* Not for the World,  
Or purchase an Eternity of bliss,  
Wou'd I Encounter on so light a Cause,  
Just like two rushing winds, driven by chance,  
Fight one another by a blind impulse.  
Give me to know your Sorrows and my Crime,  
Or find some other means for satisfaction,  
I will not thus.

*Alb.* I'll tell thee when my Sword's imbru'd and reeking in thy gore;  
But now to speak wou'd pall the Appetite of my great revenge.  
Why dost thou thus delay?

*Ant.* Here take thy wishes then.  
Since thou art false, deliberately false  
My life's a burden to me.

*Alb.* Then throw it off;  
I'll ease thee of that burden.

*Ant.* I did resign it, when I resign'd my Sword:  
Now strike *Alberto*, strike through my heart  
And to assure the Stroke, think on thy wrongs;  
But to lift up my Arm against thee were sacrilege,  
In every wound I should behold *Isabella* wrong'd,  
And shame my Cruelty unto her brother.  
But thou delay'st too long, I am prepar'd!

*Alb.* Thou art a Fool,  
I tell thee that wou'd blunt the edge of Justice:  
What cut thee down, as the laborious Hind mows off the grass,  
Which by inclining seems to beg a Crop?

*Antonio*, no, you shall not dye so cheap;  
I've begg'd of Heaven to make thee as strong as *Atlas*,  
To brave my fury, like a well-grown Oak,  
That I might wound and kill untill I fainted,  
And my desires were baffl'd by my weakness.

*Ant.* 'Tis well ye Powers thus to refuse me death;  
When life was Odious to me—Curst Fate!  
How shall I work him to so brave a deed?

Rather

Rather let me fight;  
Without the Violation of my Love.  
Then ever think—

*Alb.* Damn thy dull thoughts,  
Is this a time for Love? Equivocating slave!

*Ant.* Ha! Slave?

*Alb.* Yes, Traytor, Villain, Coward.

*Ant.* Coward! that stings home, and wounds my honour:

*Alb.* Honour! thou hast none: that Roar of Glory  
Thou hast quite thrown off, for thou art false and base,  
Therefore a Traytor, Villain, and a Coward.

*Ant.* Thy Sisters Love secures thee still,  
She calms the storm which swells within my breast,  
And stills the rage of anger and despair.

*Alb.* My Sister, no Devil no, she never charm'd your Soul;  
You Idoliz'd another Saint, as false as she was fond:  
But she is gone for ever, lost to my remembrance.

*Ant.* Ha! Gone, whither?

*Alb.* She's dead and damn'd for loving thee.  
I've Sign'd her passport for another World,  
And wait to send thee to her.

*Ant.* O give me Patience Heaven!

*Astella* dead?

*Alb.* Yes, slain by me Monster.

*Ant.* Stay fainting Spirits, move not away so fast,  
One short recruit before I leave the World;  
I come *Astella*, I'll be with thee strait.

Friendship away; thus let me blow thee from me,  
'Tis gone with that last sigh for ever fled.

[ weeps.

Now I can meet thee upon equal Terms,  
And like a hungry Lion, loos'd from my Chains,  
( Friendship and Honour which had ty'd my hands )  
Rush on my prey, and bear thee to destruction.  
Why sink thy Arms as if thy rage did cool?

*Alb.* If this be true, then what a wretch am I;  
It is *Astella's* Cause that steels his Sword,  
Whilst false *Miranda* is the Subject of my rage.

[ Aside.

*Antonio*, since one of us, or both may chance to dye,  
When dead, 'twill be too late to clear mistakes,  
Therefore by all that's good I do conjure you,  
Resolve me one thing.

*Ant.* Be quick, perhaps I may.

*Alb.* Hast thou not betray'd my Love and me,  
And treacherously won *Miranda's* heart?

*Ant.*

*Ant.* If this continue, I shall survive my Love;  
I have, therefore now revenge it.

*Alb.* Yet stay:

Why were you then concern'd when I told you—

*Ant.* I know your meaning; I did it to deceive you:

Therefore fight, or I will kill thee at all Advantages.

*Alb.* I will *Antonio*.

Be quick as Lightning to Revenge my wrongs,  
Or as the thought that Executes.

*Ant.* Thou seest me ready—now for thy heart. [they fight.]

*Enter Lopez.*

*Lop.* Ha! what noise is this that Interrupts my rest?

Hark, I think I hear clashing of Swords:

*Ant.* I think thou hast it there:

*Alb.* Nothing Sir, come on.

[Fight again.]

*Lop.* 'Tis my masters voice; what do you mean? If you are not the  
Devill, I think the Devil's in you: now I'll be hang'd if this be not some  
Smock-quarrell; a pox upon all women, but Whores I say! Murder,  
help, help, Murder, Murder!

*Enter Miranda in her Night-Gown, Gentlemen and Attendants with lights;  
The Gentlemen part them.*

*Mr.* What Screech-Owl voice is that, that crys out Murder?

*Lop.* 'Tis I forsooth, Madam.

*Mr.* Ha! *Alberto* and *Antonio*! Oh Heavens what do I see?

Crackt not my eye-strings, when I view'd this sight?

Is Nature quite dissolv'd, and at an end?

Sure such an Act as this must needs preface it.

*Alberto's* wounded too; oh horrid night!

*Alb.* O Spare this cruell show of pitty, Madam;

You shou'd have search'd your Champion first.

*Ant.* I am not wounded.

*Alb.* No matter, 'tis a Complement stretch'd too high,  
Thus to prefer her manners to her Love.

*Mr.* Still Jealous! but your wounds are dangerous

Else I won'd clear the banefull source of all.

*Mr.* Go on, dear Madam.

*Mr.* Know then *Alberto* that your friend is Noble,  
If this last Action does not prove him base.

*Alb.* That word from you does brand him for a Villain.

*Mr.* 'Twas he pleas'd you.

*Alb.* By Heaven 'tis false, all false as hell.

*Ant.* 'Tis false indeed, for he releas'd himself,  
Paid me the bloody Fees at his departure,  
And like a Coward shrunk and stole away.

*Alb.* By Heaven a general plot upon my virtue!

*Mir.* Oh cease your wonder Sir, and hear me out:  
Declare the meaning of that Note you left,  
For there's the Fatal Spring of all this mischief.

*Alb.* I gave it you to read.

*Mir.* 'Tis true you did, but I tore it.

*Alb.* 'Twas from Antonio, he knows it well.

*Ant.* By all that's good I writ it not,  
Nor know I what he means!

*Alb.* O were that but true which now thou sayst—

*Ant.* How shall I prove the truth?

*Alb.* I know not since it is torn and lost.

*Lop.* Sir, I've been guilty, and I cry *peccavi*, and I hope I shall before  
I've done, make you cry so, to this fair Lady, and that Gentleman. *Ricard*  
*Lo's* man gave me a Note which he said dropt out of his Masters pocket;  
I read it and found it a Challenge from Antonio to you: now suspecting  
that to be the occasion of your quarrell, I kept it up; and here 'tis for you;  
the rest I'll tell you anon. [Gives Alb. the letter.

*Alb.* I thank thee with all my Soul, for thou'rt my better Genius.  
Now read it Antonio, but read it to thy self [Gives Ant. the letter.

Left the Contagion should infect the Air,  
And blast my understanding with the horrid Sound.

*Ant.* Oh credulous Man, how hast thou been mistaken? [Reads  
This is not writ by me.

*Alb.* Canst thou deny it?

*Ant.* By all that's Sacred I do Swear, 'tis not my hand.

*Alb.* Then I am happy, and yet wretched too,  
Happy to find my friend and Mistress true:

But, oh I have profan'd her spotless Virtue,  
And plaid the Tyrant, where I should adore.

Thus let me implore your pardon, Madam,  
That goodness which cou'd Love me when unman'd  
Plead for me now, since I'me restor'd. [Kneels

*Mir.* You cannot ask my Lord what I'de deny.

*Alb.* Thus then I Seal my pardon tho' unworthy: [Kisses her hand.  
Now let me pay my duty to my friend. [Going to embrace Ant.

*Ant.* That name is fled with my *Astella's* life,  
Then I forsook it, when you renounc'd Humanity.

*Alb.* Is that the wound? know then *Astella* lives.

*Ant.* Lives! Oh my Joy!

*Alb.* How cou'd you think I'de be so barbarous



To kill my Sister, and doubly wound my friend;  
I only did it to excite your rage.

*Ans.* Then I forgive the rest, since I perceive  
'Twas fury workt you to that height to wound me  
When I releas'd you from your prison.

*Alb.* Ha!

Then here's another riddle to be solv'd,  
I saw, nor spoke to no one but my Taylor,  
Who guided me by a back-way from prison.

*Ans.* Then 'twas *Ricardo*, whom I met i'th dark,  
And who's the Cursed Authour of all these ills,  
Now I can hold thee without fear of stinging,  
No Viper hid in this close Embrace.

[ Embrace ]

*Alb.* Oh my brother, let me for ever thus Enfold thee in my Arms;  
And you Madam, that could pittie my distress,  
Let me for ever thus embrace and kiss your feet;  
Thus like the Ivy twine about your knees,  
And live to all Eternity thus over-blest with joy.

*Mrs.* Oh rise my best, my only dearest Lord;  
Rise, and be for ever happy in my Arms.

*Alb.* Oh 'tis too much, too much for me my Soul,  
Thou only Mirror of all thy God-like Sex,  
Sore thou wert form'd in Heaven by hands divine,  
Whilst Quires of Angels hover'd round the shrine,  
And smil'd to see a Saint so good and fair  
Born, to enrich the world and be its Heir.

*Mrs.* My dear *Alberto* you forget your wound :

*Alb.* 'Tis but small, and will but serve to punish me  
For all my Crimes, and breach of Friendship.

*Ans.* Come, no more, we have been all too blame,  
Thus fondly to believe what was not so;  
But now the dire mistakes are known and plain,  
And we will never be deceiv'd again.

*Lop.* Now Sir, pray hear me, when you were gone, I was studying to  
prevent your Duell, but *Ricardo* ( how led there to hear me, the Devil and  
he best knows ) came sneaking behind me, and o're-heard me talking to  
my self, then told me that he understood your design of Fighting with  
*Antonio*, which he said he wou'd prevent, so desir'd me to Entrust him  
with your Safety, Swearing ( enough to damn him, if false ) that you  
were his dearest Friend, and that when your twatling strings broke, his  
heart-strings wou'd crack, the rest you know better then I.

*Mrs.* 'Tis plain, *Ricardo* is the Engineer,  
Who has been buzzing in my Fathers ears,  
To undermine our peace and comfort.

*Lop.* If I was not afraid of being hang'd for my policy I would contrive to countermine this fellow.

*Ans.* We are thine for ever *Lopez*, if thou dost.

*Lop.* Why then Sir, lend me that Suit of Cloaths which you have on, with which I'll personate you for a while (I hope you're not offended at the Comparison) then I'll seek out *Bernardo*, his Servant, whom I will so pump and wire-draw, that you may see through his Master, but leave me to manage the rest.

*Ans.* It has a face indeed.

*Alb.* To morrow thou shalt have it *Lopez*,  
And I will ever acknowledge thy kind Service.

*Lop.* I humbly thank your Lordship.

*Alb.* In what a Storm this strange mistake had cast me,  
Toft on the Gloomy billows of despair,  
Which heav'd by winds of Jealousy and rage,  
Had almost rack'd my harrass'd Soul to ruine:  
But since we're now in view of distant Land,  
Once more I'll beg thee of thy angry Father  
And drive away those Clouds oppress'd his Goodness:  
Grant Heaven a happy issue to our troubles;  
Give me but once to touch the promis'd shore,  
And I'll embark on this rough Surge no more.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

## The End of the Third Act.

## The Fourth A C T.

### S C E N E I. *The Pallace.*

*Enter Vice-Roy, and Ricardo.*

*Alb.* **T**HE Mornings chearfull Ray, now gilds the World:  
And darts a joyfull Omen to my breast:  
The Early Lark, tunes his shrill notes to Hymen,  
Whilst every Bird does warble out the Chorus,  
And deafen all the Murmurs of my grief.

*Ric.* 'Tis true, great Sir, but yet this glittering form

May be a painted Cloud that ushers in a Storm.

*V. R.* Can you suspect your Masters word *Ricardo*?

That thus you mutter out your brooding fears?

Is that a posture for a happy Bridegroom

Clad in that gloomy Visage, and with eyes

Fixt on the Earth, whilst Mounting to the Skies?

*Ric.* Has not last Nights uproar, yet reach'd your ears

Which so allarm'd your Loyall Subjects fears?

*V. R.* It has not yet.

*Ric.* Then I must be the Informer;

(Wou'd Heaven, my duty, wou'd excuse my silence;)

Whether their plots have all turn'd head upon 'em,

And so compell'd 'em to this act, I know not;

But once more they have combin'd Sir, to deceive you,

Hoodwink your reason, and eclipse your Judgment,

And make your ignorance patronize their Crimes.

*V. R.* As how?

*Ric.* Just as the Pallace Clock struck one,

I am inform'd there was a busteling noise,

Like the first puffing of an Angry wind,

Which swells and bursts at last into a Storm:

Strait clashing Swords disturb'd the Slumbering night

Which (eccho'd by a dreadfull voice of Murder)

Chas'd Gentle *Morpheus* from the Princes eyes,

(For by design 'twas done near her Apartment)

She rose, urg'd by her pittie to their danger,

And with a few Attendants, strait descended:

But (heavens!) what was her wonder when she saw

The two disloyal friends engag'd in Fight?

*V. R.* *Alberto*, and *Antonio*!

*Ric.* The same, my Lord.

*V. R.* What should the meaning of their quarrell be?

*Ric.* You'll please to judge Sir, when you hear the rest:

To Countenance her pittie, *Alberto* receiv'd a wound,

Which when she mourn'd for and Enquir'd the Cause

He with a whining Scorn accus'd her Cruelty,

And bid her help *Antonio*, whom she lov'd;

He seem'd amaz'd at the new Jealousy

And ask'd the grounds: the Note was then examin'd;

Which he (as well he might) deny'd to be his hand;

Next comes a daubing Scene of flattering Joy,

*Alberto* kneels, and weeping, begs her pardon

As all had been a Mistery to him:

May more (oh heavens what Impudence is this?)

They lay the crime, the spring of all to me,  
And have design'd this Morning to accuse me,  
When he shall beg *Miranda* Sir, of you.

*V. R.* Beg her of me, sure 'tis Impossible!  
That they should dare to look me in the face;  
As well they might behold an Angry Jove  
When grim revenge sits furrow'd on his brow,  
Ready to scatter ruine on th' Affailers,  
All *Lemnos* brandisht in his hands at once.

*Ric.* But they've a Mist to lay before your eyes,  
Will damp the Force of your avenging Thunder,  
And melt your rage, to a refreshing dew.

*V. R.* 'Tis moulded proof, against their weak attempts;  
But to begin, I promis'd you my daughter  
And with her take my heart for ever.  
Go call the Princess here.

*Attend.* Great Sir, she has prevented me, she's here.

*V. R.* Hell and Confusion! what's this I see  
Or my sense fails, or 'tis *Alberto* with her.

*Enter Alberto leading Miranda.*

By all my wrongs 'tis he! oh my salt blood  
Burst, burst your Channels, over-flow your Banks,  
And let my veins be fill'd with Liquid fire,  
Quite to devour this *Gorgon*, that unmans me,  
Thus let all Villains dye.

*Ric.* Hold Sacred Sir.

*V. R.* *Ricardo* off, for 'tis in vain to stop me.

*Ric.* My Life Sir be the forfeit for th' offence,  
Consider Sir who 'tis, that does oppose you,  
'Tis I your Faithfull Slave, who wou'd rather dye  
Then see your honour blemish'd by this rashness!  
How wou'd the censuring World condemn you Sir,  
If in your rage you shou'd Sentence one untry'd,  
And be your self the Executioner;  
Not but I wish his death, cause he deserves it,  
But to dye thus wou'd make him Innocent  
And fame secure, he's punish'd but by halves.

*Alb.* Why this contention for a wretched life?  
Villain I know it is the game you hunt for:  
But yet you think 'tis not toll'd enough for death:  
You wou'd have me linger out a Hell on Earth  
See you possess of all *Miranda's* Charms:

*[Ric. enters]*

*[Ric. enters]*

*[Ric. enters]*

*[Ric. enters]*



But Traytor know, I have a Sword can reach thee,  
And spite of Loyallty, respect, or Duty,  
Rip out the heart that violates my Love  
And cool the warmth which nourishes thy flame.

*Ric.* He has guess my wishes.

[*Alb.*]

*Mr.* Yes, hellish Monster, know,  
There's yet a greater bar to oppose thy way,  
A Rock of Adamant, and so Impenetrable  
That thou Villain with Legions like thy self,  
No, nor the Hell thou carry'st in thy breast,  
Can ever melt, or force away.

*V. R.* Insolent Pair! but now they've doom'd themselves,  
And by my Masters Soul, they both shall dye.

*Alb.* Pardon, Great Sir, those unbecoming words  
Forc'd by a just resentment of my wrongs;

I mean't not to defend that life which you had proscritb'd,  
Thus I Surrenderitunto your Justice.

[*Kneels & lays his Sword at the V. R. feet*]

*Ric.* We'll take the forfeit Sir, you need not doubt.

[*Ric. takes it up.*]

*Alb.* But to dye silent were a guilt too great,  
To leave you in a wilde of treachery

Lost to your honour, govern'd by an abject Slave,

And fair *Miranda* Subject to his treason:

That I confess does make my tongue unruly,

Oh Sir, forgive that beauteous Innocence,

And leave her will as heaven has made it, free:

And here I swear by yon bright Sun that Shines,

And by th'Eternal Mover of the Spheres,

To hush this rising tempest in my Breast,

And fall a willing Victim to her peace;

*Mr.* Oh my *Alberrto*, your zeal is too unkinde,

Think not your Death can give *Miranda* ease,

For here I swear, by all the Powers above,

Your life and mine shall have an equall date.

*V. R.* Damn his hypocrisy, and thy foolish fondness,

by heaven the *Spaniard* is not in thee Girl,

But I delay: Guards seize that Impious Traitor.

[*Guards seize Alberrto*]

*Alb.* Yet hear me Sir, before you throw away

That precious Gem upon a thing so vile,

And smear that Diamonds lustre with so foul a soil.

*V. R.* Silence that croaking voice, Perfidious Monster!

He is my Son, and each affront is mine:

But to inhance thy mighty sum of woes

Live to behold thy *Juno* snatch'd away

Thy Soul rack'd in a Dungeon by delay;

A Cloud of darkness for the Suns bright Ray.

33

But

But yet in pitty, she shall stay a while  
 And all thy sorrows with her tears beguile.  
 Pitty? Yes *Italian* pitty! may her eyes  
 Each attome of thee, make their Sacrifice;  
 Be, like two Basilisks, which may devour  
 At each remembrance of their cruell Power,  
 Then slash thee dead, and kill thee every hour.

*Ric.* Why this is generous to spare his life:  
 Nay, let him talk long as he might be heard,  
 It is not I'me unjust then, but his fate.

3  
 [Exit with  
 Attendants.]

[Manent Guards.]

Well, I'll away to young *Antonio*,  
 Tell him—what?—let me see!—his Mistress's dead,  
 Slain by *Alberto*:—this will work him up,  
 And of his friendship, make an useles Cypher,  
 Which I'll fill up with horrid black revenge.

Then in compassion, I'll release *Alberto*  
 (Whom I'll infect with some new found *Chymera*)  
 And grant 'em both an interview;

By this I make sure my game on either hand,  
 For both will seek to excuse me to the *Vice-Roy*:  
 Thus like the hidden hand of fate I work,  
 Kill and destroy whilst none can see the blow,  
 And friend and Mistress be each others foe.

[Exit.]

*Alb.* Oh my *Miranda*, 'twas a harsh decree  
 That I must never, never see thee more  
 Ne're (blest with Love, and surfeiting with joy)  
 Lean on the rising pillows of thy breast,  
 And there in gentler raptures dream the rest:  
 Credit me Madam, but 'tis wondrous sad.

*Mir.* Do not despair *Alberto*, my best, and only Love,  
 For Fortunes Cruelty, is as inconstant as her favour.  
 But let her vent her malice, still there's hope;  
 Time's but a rowling tide, which flows a while,  
 Stays not, but strait with murmuring joy does ebb,  
 Into the Ocean of Eternity:

Thither we'll launch; there Landed on the shore  
 Above the reach of Fate, or cruell Fathers,  
 We'll spend an immortality of Love.

*Alb.* Oh my Soul! my blest Angell speak again,  
 Thy charming words and sight can cure despair,  
 They lull my griefs asleep, and make me tame  
 And I am all joy, all extasy again.

But oh, I never must behold thee more  
 An angry *Demon* hurries me away

And

And drag me from the Heaven I now possess;  
 That thought renews my grief, and galls my heart;  
 There I confess my Courage shrinks and dyes,  
 More than when death was in my view in War,  
 My crowded breast teem'd with a thousand joys,  
 Which in an Instant are all made abortive,  
 But yet a single plague's too small for me,  
 For heaven has doom'd *Miranda* to a Villain.  
 That beauteous Casket to be rifl'd by a Slave.

*Mr.* Can you then still suspect my Faith *Alberto*?  
 But since (oh torture!) 'tis the last proof which I can give,  
 Hear me ye Powers, and you *Alberto* hear me,  
 If ever I consent to be *Ricardo's*  
 Tho' all the Tortures hell can e're invent  
 Combine to force my will, oh may I never—

*Alb.* Forbear, oh forbear that Cruel Sentence on thy self,  
 I have been impious, but forgive me heaven;  
 And oh *Miranda* live, altho' *Ricardo's*;  
 What hast thou done, that heaven shou'd punish thee?  
 Or how hast thou deserv'd to share my griefs?

*Mr.* Can Love then be so bad a Counsellour,  
 Or can *Alberto* wish me so unhappy?

Perhaps you doubt the frailty of my Sex,  
 And think that death can shake my Female valour;  
 But know, when danger runs in a Carreer,  
 Love takes the wing, and soars above all fear.

*Alb.* By heaven I doubt thee not; but do not rob  
 The world, by taking all that's good away:

*Mr.* When you are gone, what's left that's worth my stay?

*Atend.* My Lord, your time is past, you must to Prison:

*Alb.* I will; but one look more and then I've done:

Here must I take a long farewell to Love.

[kisses her hand.

Oh my *Miranda*, when the Fates allow,  
 That false *Ricardo* must possess thy heart,  
 When he shall reap the harvest of my joys,  
 Give but one sigh, one tear, to poor departed me,  
 And it will crown my wandering shade with peace.

*Mr.* Think not of dying.

*Alb.* Yes, I must *Miranda*;

For Death's the only blessing I have left:  
 Yet must I blame the malice of my Stars.  
 Then when I'de wandred thro' the Coasts of night,  
 To seek some comfortable streak of Light;  
 Then when my eye had Paradise in view,

Thus to Eclipse my rising Sun anew:  
 Or as a Vulture when he flies the round,  
 To seize some spotless Dove, which having found,  
 With greedy joy he mounts up to the skies,  
 Whilst he does Revell on his lovely prize,  
 And with a scornfull Glance the World despise;  
 When strait some well-arm'd Eagle stops his flight,  
 Forces the trembling Quarry from his sight,  
 And hurles him head-long to the shades of Night.  
 So, when I had reach'd thee thro' a dreadful maze,  
 And after all my doubts, my Soul found ease;  
 Midst of my Triumphs for my glorious prey,  
 The Tyrant Power does snatch thee quite away.

[Exeunt severally.]

## SCENE A Garden.

Enter Antonio, and Astella in man's Cloaths.

*Ast.* My Country Sir, I've told you is *Sicily*;  
 Whence banisht by my wants, I'me hither come  
 To find relief; my name is *Florimo*.

*Ant.* What's this to me? I prithee leave me Boy.

*Ast.* Alas I cannot Sir: I've heard so much  
 Of your Renown and Generosity,  
 That I must stay, and win your favour.  
 Besides I've heard you are a Lover Sir,  
 And such a one I wou'd desire to serve:  
 Sure this will sound him.

*Ant.* I was indeed a happy Lover once!

[Aside]

*Ast.* Ha! Once did he say? oh heavens, then 'tis too true!

[Sighs.]

[aside.]

*Ant.* But now my Love is gone I know not whither:  
 My Dear *Astella*, if thou'rt fled to heaven,  
 Oh let me know t, that I may follow thee;  
 If still on earth, I'll pray the whispering winds  
 That they'de conduct me to thy dark abode,  
 I'll beg the Trees to bow their leafy heads  
 And point me out the Mansion of my Love.  
 What shall I think? for to suspect thy truth,  
 Or doubt *Alberto's* words, were sure a Crime.

*Ast.* I know not what this musing does portend,  
 But I will try him once again. My noble Lord,  
 Cast not a wretched youth to the wide world,  
 Who cannot live a moment absent from you.

Why



Why are you sad? Give me to know the Cause  
 I'll sit and sing and charm your griefs asleep,  
 Lye at your feet like weeping *Philomell*,  
 And hush your sorrows with my pleasing airs:  
 And when the morning dawns, I'll be your Lark,  
 To welcome with my joyfull notes the coming day,  
 Thus we'll perform, and pass the time away;  
 Thus spend the melancholy hours, making grief a pleasure,  
 And scorning all the follies of the laughing world.

[Kneels.

*Ant.* Such pleasing softness did I never hear;  
 And still the more I look, the more I still desire;  
 In every feature methinks I read *Astella*;  
 The very air that bears the charming sounds,  
 Echoes *Astella* to my wondring ears.  
 Rise gentle Youth, so sweet an advocate  
 Must needs obtain the cause tho' ne're so hard:  
 If then (kind *Florimo*) you'd share in a disorder'd heart,  
 And be the sad Companion of my woes—  
 But do not, for they'll blast thy tender form,  
 And wither all thy blooming hopes to death.

*Ast.* Alas 'tis all the blessing I wou'd wish  
 To share your woes, since I'm already  
 More unfortunate and wretched then you er'e can be.

*Ant.* Oh 'tis impossible! but tell me how thou art wretched.

*Ast.* By Love that soft disturber of my peace,  
 And by my friend.

*Ant.* Grant heaven it be not so with me.

*Ast.* Doubt not your Mistress safety, nor your Friend,  
 If conscious innocence says you love her still.

[aside.

*Ant.* Love her! thy silly question stabs my very Soul;  
 None can behold *Astella* and not love her:  
 Not *Orpheus* when he charm'd the fiery gates of hell,  
 And gain'd an entry to the vast abyss  
 Had half that Love for his *Euroidice*;  
 Nor when he rescu'd from the God of night  
 His beauteous prize, and the same hour lost her,  
 Felt half my hell of torture and despair.

*Ast.* Oh charming words! which like *Promethean* fire,  
 Kindles the embers of expiring life and love;  
 And like the *Arabian* Chimist can extract  
 A *Phoenix* from the ashes of her Sire!  
 My Joy's too great to be contain'd:  
 Here let me breath my Soul out at your feet  
 And fly an Angell to the other world,

[Kneeling.

Refin'd by so divine a good as yours.

*Ant.* What means the Youth? Rise, and resolve my doubts,  
Why does my declaration thus affect you?

*Ass.* Tune to his voice, ye musick of the spheres,  
To finde such virtue 'mongst corrupted Man,  
Is sure a Subject for Fames golden Trumpet;  
To find your Love like Vestall fire, guarded,  
(Where every foe does lend a breath against it)  
Safe and unfully'd in that hollow'd Shrine.

*Ant.* So nice a sence of virtue from a Boy  
Is strange, and must proceed from something stranger.

*Ass.* I Swore to wander thro' the spacious world  
(Till death wou'd put an end to all my woes)  
To finde some Lover of so clear a truth,  
The same when slighted, or his Mistriiss dead;  
And now I've found the noblest of our Sex  
He be your Servant, or your Sacrifice,  
And never part, till parted from my self.

*Ant.* I am amaz'd at such surprizing words,  
But 'tis a pleasing wonder: Come my Boy,  
He crown thy wishes, thou'rt mine for ever,  
Instruct my Virtue, that seeing thee I may  
Read Lectures of *Astella* every day;  
But yet I want to know the Story of thy life,  
The many wrongs thou hast sustain'd and pass'd  
And all the pretty murmurings of thy grief.

[Embraces him.]

*Ass.* By a long Siege I Storm'd my Mistriiss heart,  
And took the Guarded Fortress of her Love;  
Next when I'd got my only friends consent,  
The Brother of my destin'd Bride *Lestella*,  
No *Isthmus* seem'd to bar me from my joys:  
When on the fatal Dawn before our Marriage,  
Urg'd by I know not what mistake, my friend  
Went to his Mistriiss, call'd her false and perjur'd;  
Said, he or I, that Night must leave the World;  
At night I heard of his Imprisonment,  
Attended with a thundering peal of Curses,  
From the fair Mistriiss of my Friend: At length  
I by my vows to free him had appeas'd her.  
Madd'd with rage I did mind my own  
Who with a charming grief reproach'd my fallhood;  
I had not time to answer her Complaints,  
But flung away in haste unto my friend  
Whom I releas'd, but he escap'd my sight:

Strait I receiv'd from him a dreadful Note,  
Which stab'd me with the News of my *Leffilla's* death,  
Who fell a Victim to his Jealousy.  
Despairing, I abandon'd *Sicily*,  
And careless of my fate, am hither come,  
To wander like a banish'd Criminal quite forlorn.  
This sure will try him since my other fails. [ *Aside*

*Ant.* What words are these, or is it but a dream?  
A Vision of *Astella*, thus adorn'd, [ *aside*  
Who comes to try the truth of her suspicions?  
If that my wonder (gentle youth) wou'd give me leave  
I'de say thou hast sav'd me the unwellcome trouble  
Of telling thee the Story of my life,  
Since thou hast so truly weav'd it with thy own.

*Ast.* Not so I hope Sir, is your Mistress dead?

*Ant.* There sticks my fate, and leaves me in a maze:  
If dead, what then remains, but strait to follow her?

*Ast.* You speak, my Lord, in riddles;  
If she be dead, you wou'd dye to follow her,  
And at the same time own you Love her not.

*Ant.* Thou dost not understand me right my Boy:  
Be witness all ye Powers that knew our hearts,  
How much I lov'd that dear departed Saint?

*Ast.* Departed! whither?

*Ant.* Oh that I cou'd resolve thee!  
My Friend enrag'd told me he had slain her,  
But soon recanted, and I as soon believ'd,  
Yet now some strange suggestions press my heart anew,  
And fix my wandring fancy to her Image.

*Ast.* I hope he'll not repeat of this kind grant: [ *Aside*  
Shall I my Lord, to sooth your sorrows, Sing?

*Ant.* Do my Boy, whilst I repose me on this bank  
And bear a part with thee.

*Both sing. After the Song she speaks.*

*Ast.* Rise; Rise my Lord, I see one coming hither,  
With a grave pace, as big with some design.

*Ant.* It is *Ricardo*; *Florimo* away  
And wait me in the next walk.

[ *Exit Astella*

*Enter Ricardo musing.*

This is the Cause I fear of all our dire mistakes,

Now

Now Studying some new Plot : I'll observe him.

*Ric.* Thus Virtue's ever clouded with disgrace,  
A Princes favour cannot dart a beam,  
But on a Barren or Infectious land,  
And always must be partiall in his choice.

*Ant.* He mutters State-Affairs : but let him on.

*Ric.* Therefore the two young *Heroes* of the Court,  
Envy my Honour, and sicken at my greatness,  
As if my rise must be upon their Necks  
But still my Virtue shall outbrave their little malice :  
I will convince the unbelieving world,  
There is a man that can be great and good at once,  
And then retire to Solitude for ever.

*Ant.* Why this is strange !

*Ric.* But oh that cannot be—  
There lyes some Mystery in the womb of Night,  
Which Loyalty Commands me to unravell,  
Besides to leave *Antonio's* Virtue toil'd,  
Deluded by his friends Hypocrisy—  
But that's a Plot, and I'me a base Informer  
There's my reward— but Virtue pays it self.

*Ant.* Each word does swell my wonder !

*Ric.* *Alberto's* Actions must have some design,  
But let Heaven be Judge of that, not I.  
This fresh account of Horrour I've receiv'd  
*Antonio* must know—Yes 'tis resolv'd,  
Tho' for it he call me undermining Traytor,  
Yet I'll respect my conscience, not his words.

*Ant.* Each words a Thunderbolt, and strikes me dead,  
No double-meaning can be hid in this.

*Ric.* Who's that ? my Lord *Antonio* ?

*Ant.* The same.

*Ric.* How does your Lordship ?

*Ant.* Why well I think *Ricardo* ;

*Ric.* Long may you be so :

*Ant.* I thank you Sir. But good *Ricardo*,  
If I may be so bold, what were your thoughts  
Employ'd about ?

*Ric.* 'Tis an Important business which I think of,  
How virtue does decay in every age,  
And in particular that Cordiall Friendship  
How *Pylades's* Examples are quite forgot,  
And how the Sign of *Gemini* above,  
Is copied ill by Mortalls here below.

*Ant.*



*Ant.* The Consequence.

*Ric.* Therefore my Lord, beware  
How you permit a seeming Friend to creep too close,  
Lest in the bottom there shou'd lurk an Adder.

*Ant.* Be plainer in your Counsell.

*Ric.* Yes, too plain;

Too plain I fear for your repose!

*Ant.* Ha! my repose!

*Ric.* Yes, so I said:

Your friend *Alberto* (mark me well) is false  
The Wounds he gave, but seemingly he heal'd,  
For they still rankle, fester, and eat the deeper,  
And may in time destroy you.

*Ant.* Oh take heed

You come not with your false deluding *Beacons*  
To warn my easy nature from the Sands  
That you may split my friendship on a Rock;  
For if thou dost, death, hell, and ruine,  
And all their black attendants shall not save thee:  
You have had the mask on long enough,  
Therefore now unveil thy self *Ricardo*,  
And show the villain in his native dye:

*Ric.* This I expected; and therefore take my leave,  
An honest man is never safe at Court;  
Sir, you may find flatterers enough  
To tell you what you wou'd believe, not what you ought to know:  
Who'll varnish all your losses with a smile;  
Nay, make you think the Sun shines in a storm,  
When thickest clouds do interpose their shade,  
And when the heavens are all in mutiny, rain fire  
Rain blood upon your better part, your second self:  
But he's a fool, who to convince another  
(Whose looks speak hatred, and his words proclaim it)  
Will hazard both his person, and his fame:  
Such bigotted honour shall have no Proselite of me.

[Going.]

*Ant.* Stay Sir, for to secure that fame you prize so much  
It will concern you to inform me more.

*Ric.* Not when I know, I shall not be believ'd.

*Ant.* Now by my Sword, I'll force it from your tongue,  
And if thou prov'st not every word thou utterest,  
I'll hurl a heavier load of misery upon thee  
Than that which *Atlas* with his weighty Globe  
Does groan beneath.

*Ric.* How fond is Man, and easy to believe;

When

When words are daub'd with flattery, and mask'd with Love,  
But truth in its plain habit will not pass:  
My Lord, to shew how I despise your threats  
I'll ease my conscience of the mighty Secret,  
But arm your self against the fierce assault  
For horror dwells with every fatal word.

*Ans.* Why dost thou kill me with such cruell doubts?

*Ric.* I will no more:—the fair *Astella*, Sir—

*Ans.* *Astella*, Speak; the very name's a Charm.

*Ric.* It must be Sir the name; that's all that's left.

*Ans.* Ha! what of her?

*Ric.* Why she is murder'd, base and barbarously murder'd.

*Ans.* Hell and confusion!

*Ric.* By her own Brother's orders, murder'd.

*Ans.* Patience ye Gods, oh give me patience heaven!

One moments patience, and I'll beg no more.  
By all things Sacred, in those fatal words,  
Or one, or both of us are doom'd to dye;  
If they be false, there's something worse then death,  
Nay (if possible) then Damnation shall sure attend thee,  
If true, then I'me the Victim.

*Ric.* Hear the rest:

A rough hewn fellow, Servant to *Alberro*,  
Thus with a penitential look, accosted me:  
Sir, by my Masters threats, I've been compell'd  
To Act a little piece of Villany,  
But my ill-natur'd Conscience flying in my face,  
I thought to ease it by Confession,  
I slew a Lady whom he order'd me  
Veil'd in a Wood; but that was nothing Sir,  
Till I discover'd it to be *Astella*,  
My old dead Masters only Daughter.

*Ans.* Furies and Devils tear the Barbarous Villain  
Oh I am all a burning *Aina* here within!  
But if thou prov'st it, I am satisfied.

*Ric.* Let the Revenge confirm it which I took  
Impatient Virtue forc'd me to the deed,  
I slew him strait, without as much as asking  
Where the untimely Sacrifice was laid.

*Ans.* Enough, I am confirm'd she's gone.  
Oh Tyrant-friend, was she a Subject for your rage,  
Cou'd not those glorious rays from her fair eyes  
Melt down thy icy temper to compassion?  
But I forget, 'tis I'me her murderer,

But

And therefore thus will pay the cruell debt.

*Ric.* Hold, hold my Lord !

[Offers to kill himself :

[*Ric.* hinders him.

*Ant.* Wilt thou again give edge to my suspicions,  
By hindring me of my desir'd bliss ?  
Death doubly is my due.

The morning wheels to gloomy night again,  
To give directions where I shou'd reside ;  
The Sun seems like a faint and beamless fire  
To warn the expiring Taper of my Life,  
And all but you conspire to work my Joy.

*Ric.* By all that's good, I will not oppose it,  
But yet you are not ripe enough for death,

*Ant.* Not when despair does call me hence ?

*Ric.* Why no.

Are you *Italian* born, or some hot *Frenchman*,  
Who when capricious fortune frowns upon him  
Strait punishes her crime upon himself ;  
At least since she does sit above our reach,  
Let us revenge it on her instruments.

*Ant.* Touch not that string, for it inflames my heart,  
And kindles wild-fire in my troubl'd breast ;  
I wou'd not think upon the Villain more,  
And therefore I wou'd cease to think at all.

*Ric.* 'Tis wonderous well ! how will the censuring world  
Say *Naples* is a Den of Caniballs,

Where Paricide and murder is a sport  
And go unpunish'd by the better sort ?

By *Mars* your tameness does unspirit me

But I'll away, and take revenge my self,

Since such a Cause shou'd arm the world against him.

*Enter Astella.*

*Ant.* Stay, for I feel a glowing heat within me  
Eat up my friendship, and I am all on fire.

*Ast.* What shou'd this mean ?

*Ric.* Cherish the noble flame

And let your wrongs heighten the generous rage :

If *Alexander* for a Fav'rites loss

( Who peris'd by a Natural Enemy )

Made all the Eastern World his Funeral pile,

And glutted Death with crowded Hecatombs ?

What shou'd you do, who see a Mistress slain,

Slain by a Man, who call'd himself your friend ?

Death, Hell, and Vengeance will you suffer it ?

It thinks my Arm does tremble to my Sword,

And by instinct Commands me to unsheath it.

*Ant.* No, no, the brave Revenge belongs to me:  
Blond, talk of blond; I will have blond *Ricardo*,  
But there's a Prison bars him from my fury,  
Away Impediments, you shall not hinder,  
For tho' he speeds away to Hell, I'll after;  
Shoot like a flaming Vulture thro' the dark abyss,  
Till I might fix my beak in his false heart:  
Nay tho' the Christal Gates of Heaven were open  
And waiting to receive my Soul to joy.

In Hell I'll linger an Eternity,  
That I might double all *Alberto's* Plagues,  
And make it hotter with the Flames I bear.

*Alf.* Alas that Villain has infected him,  
But I've an Antidote will expell the poyson.

*Ric.* Why this my Lord becomes your injuries:  
Since you'r resolv'd I'll further your revenge;  
Wait in this Garden at the approach of Night,  
And I'll take care to send *Alberto* to you.

*Ant.* O kind *Ricardo*, in this obligation  
You've reach'd the utmost bounds of my desire:  
Wheel on the never-tir'd Post of Heaven,  
Fly swiftly to thy wanton Goddess Arms,  
That I may fly to my revenge: Farewell,  
When next we meet, expect to see me chang'd,  
Roab'd like the Setting Sun in bloody red,  
Or pale as sickning Stars, and as spent *Meteors* dead.

*Alf.* I'll after him, and learn the mystery.

*Ric.* Fly to thy ruine, fond believing Fool,  
Thou know'st not what it is to take revenge,  
For *Nemesis* delights in Woods, not Cities,  
In dark Cabals, and not in open War:  
Yes my new friend I'll send *Alberto* to you,  
And reconcile your differing Constitutions,  
Both shall breath nought but sulphur and destruction;  
Therefore some new *Chimera* I will study  
Which his friend *Alberto* must be sent to kill.

*Enter Lopez, dress'd like Alberto.*

*Lop.* Well, now I have gotten these Cloaths on, methinks I'me as great  
a Person as my Master, and for ought I know, 'tis the comely person with-  
in makes the Gentleman, according to the Proverb, fine Birds make fine  
Feathers: Let me see —

*Ric.* If I shou'd tell him that his Mistress's false;  
But stay that Topick's grown too obsolete.

*[Surveys himself.]*  
Ric walks off to  
S in the Garden.  
*Lop.*



*Lop.* Clean Limbs, handsome gait, Noble appearance! pitty these qualifications shou'd be thrown away upon a Serving-Man: Well, if my face answers these, 'twill grieve me to retire to my primitive Rascallity, and that this bulk of Nobility shou'd dwindle to a Valet. [*picks out a Glass.* Heavens defend me! *Seignior Lopez.* I shou'd as soon think it were an Angel: now will I exercise my parts upon my self, for such an Object must needs inspire Oratory, tho' I am brim-full of it already. *Seignior,* if *Jupiter* had borrow'd one of your eyes for a dark Lanthorn, he might have fought his Enemies with a double advantage: (*answers*) O Dear Sir, a little clear and sharp indeed I must confess; I make use of 'em sometimes for my diversion to wound and kill poor silly Ladies, but for the rest—Nay good sweet *Seignior,* you ravish me with the Excellency of your gestures: every part of you dances, as it were, to the Musique of the Spheres, and swims like the Lambent fires above in a Cælestial motion. O *Seignior*—

*Enter Ricardo.*

Ha! interrupted? what Malicious Star envi'd me the happiness of hearing my self prais'd by so accomplisht a person of honour as—*Seignior Lopez.*

*Ric.* Confusion! what, *Alberto* here, and free?  
Or does my wandring sense deceive me?  
That it is he, 'tis plain; but how escap'd,  
Or if escap'd, how venturing to stay here,  
I must confess amazes me to think!

*Lop.* Ple vex this saucy fellow for disturbing me.

[*walks carelessly by*

*Ric.* I'm on a Rack, till I can learn the meaning:  
With what a haughty negligence he bears himself?

*Ricardo.*

*Lop.* I have a good mind to tell him to his face, he's a very uncivil person, and to make good what I said, if he threatens to beat me, i'll beg his pardon. But then he'd discover who I am: no, no, that must not be.

*Ric.* There's no way left to sound this mystery,  
But to begin the harrangue which I've prepar'd.

My Lord I have a secret of Importance—

Still the same port, that scornfull gay behaviour!

In what a mist of Errour have I been?

A Sacrifice here Staulks in State before me  
And sleeping vice, still dreads to give the blow.

The place is silent, and the Aiding Trees,

With bended branches cover the offence;

Besides *Antonio's* rage will cloak the deed

And they'll condemn him for the Murderer:

It shall be so; the next turns his last:

So—

[*runs at Lopez, and Lopez falls.*

End thus thy Pride and Love together.

*Lop.* Ha betray'd! my honour wounded?

Help, Murder, help: I am kill'd, I'me dead! oh!

*Ric.* His life is fled away with that last groan:

Now fly *Ricardo*, manage well this game,

And future Ages shall extoll thy fame.

[*Exit.*]

*Lop.* So, is he gone? pox of his kindness: what's here! My voice has alarm'd some of the Courtiers, but I'll send 'em away like fools as they come, I warrant 'em.

[*Lies down.*]

*Enter 3 or 4 Gentlemen, Fabio and Don Silvio,*

1. *Gent.* This way the dreadfull voice directed us.

2. *Gent.* And here's the occasion; Heavens! 'tis *Alberto*!

1. *Gent.* What horrid Miskery is this! how came he free?

2. *Gent.* And murder'd too? a Riddle by my Soul,

Let's to the *Vice-Roy*, who walks i'th' Garden,

For 'tis too deep for us to dive into.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Lop.* So, I find I shall have now the whole Court about me: but I'll prepare my self to receive 'em: I may thank my self for letting the sword run betwixt my arms. I had been spoil'd else; I think I defended my self as if I had had eyes behind. Well now for my Glass; I fear this busyness has disorder'd me — pox o' your ill-breeding to spoil a good face, and tumble ones perriwig and Crevat: I must not be seen in this pickle, therefore I'll go home and new vamp my self. A plague of this Nobility, if for a fine Coat one must be continually in danger of having his throat cut, or spitted thro' the loins like a Spar-rib of Pork. I'de rather be hang'd than dye an untimely death, there's no satisfaction in't; but see they are coming, 'twere best for me to be gone, lest I be taken, and put in the bakers pulpit for counterfeiting.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter Vice-Roy with Attendants.*

*V. R.* Impossible! it cannot be *Alberto*.

1. *Gent.* Let your own eyes convince you Sir.

[*looks about.*]

Ha! where's is the dead man, fled away?

Some hungry Devill sure has seiz'd on him.

*V. R.* Am I a Subject of your Follies Slaves?

2. *Gent.* Pray Sir believe us: *Alberto* did lye here;

But whither it was done designedly,

To colour his escape from Prison,

And consen us with his pretended death

That you might cease pursuit, I know not.

1. *Gent.* Or else perhaps the Murderers fearing

His corps being found, (a narrow search shou'd be about it)

Convey'd it hence and buried it:

But these two Gentlemen can witness,

That they too saw him dead.

3d. & 4th. My Lord we did.

*K. R.* 'Tis strange, but yet I will believe it;

**Death**

Death he deserv'd for his Ingratitude:  
 But tho' my passion boil'd a while, I'me glad  
 He met it from another hand, not mine :  
 For now with safety I bestow my Daughter,  
 And crown desert with what it long has sought.  
 Perhaps it may remove *Miranda's* Scruples,  
 And death may set her heart at Liberty :  
 Thus Providence is always heavens Avenger,  
 And weilds the Sword of Justice 'gainst th' unjust.  
 How're the Great resolve, and wise debate,  
 She rules alone, our happiness or fate.

[ *Exeunt Omnes.* ]

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ACT V. SCENE I. *Enter Albe to and Lopez.*

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*Alb.* **L**opez have you perform'd, what you engag'd to do ?  
 For in that riddle is my fate Entangl'd.

*Lop.* I have Sir.

*Alb.* Thou hast ! that word is Musick to my Soul.

*Lop.* But first Sir, as a reward, satisfy my inquisitiveness, and Inform  
 me what trick you've got to break thro' Prisons, and shake off your fet-  
 ters thus ?

*Alb.* Know then a wedge of Gold has knock'd 'em off,  
 A Golden Key has charm'd the Prison doors ;  
 My Jaylor too, whom I assur'd of safety  
 ( To help my escape ) has lent me this disguise.  
 For tho' my Stars have frown'd so long upon me,  
 I doubt not but they'll smile, and look serene again,  
 And my Innocence shine in its proper sphere  
 Whilst Treachery is drag'd unto the Center,  
 And sink into the Hell from whence it sprung.

*Lop.* Well Sir, I have unlockt *Bernardo's* tongue too, but without a Fee ;  
 in short, he has laid all his Masters damn'd Villany as open to me, as if he had  
 been *Ricardo*, and I his Ghostly Father, he has confirm'd your suspicions of  
 the Note, and moreover his Masters hiring some hackny blond-hounds ;  
 ( whose game is death, and reward Damnation ) to murder you.

*Alb.* What niggard mixture of Felicity  
 The angry Gods allow me ;  
 Twice have they snatch'd me from the jaws of death,  
 Twice have they freed me from a loathsome Dungeon,  
 That no Corporeal pain might e're obstruct  
 My relishing the torment of despairing love ;  
 But now a comfortable dawn of hope

Reflects

Reflects the promise of a coming day.  
Where is *Bernardo*, that kind Engincer  
Who has blow'd the Villain up with his own hellish train?

*Lop.* Where is he Sir? why I have done with him as sponging Courtiers  
do with their Clients, squeez'd all the honey out, and then thrown away  
the usefess comb, and the Drone that made it:

*Alb.* Why dost thou serve thy Master still by halves?

Run and conduct him to me, fly quickly:

*Lop.* As quick as lightning; Sir.

[Exit.

*Enter Antonio, Florimo following.*

*Ant.* Let these effeminate Sluces be dam'd up,

It is a grief too light to Solemnize

Murder d *Affella's* Funeral Exequies:

A silent tear shall trickle from my heart,

At each remembrance of her bloody fate,

But if in spite of me you'll play the woman,

Be like the Marble, when the Conquering flames

Dilate its well-knit pores, and drein its moisture,

Spring from an inward Stimulating hear,

Scorching as is the sweat of Heaven, when the air

Is rent afunder, by the warring Clouds.

*Alb.* *Antonio* here! Good heavens how kind you are,

To crown my wishes at their very birth!

[approaching him

*Ast.* Take heed Sir, here's some bold Ruffian in disguise:

*Ant.* Fear not my boy, my Stars are not so kind.

*Alb.* Sir, I wou'd entreat a word with you in private.

*Ant.* Ha! do I dream, or is the Villain here?

Away my Boy.

*Ast.* I cannot leave you here.

*Ant.* Away you must, you shall, deny me not.

[Exit *Ast.*

*Alb.* 'Twas my desire too that he should leave the place,

For now I've time to tell thee all my fortune,

The various winding of my restless fate.

*Ant.* What means the Traitor?

[aside

*Alb.* Besides I must enquire,

And you can give me best intelligence;

Why does my Sister thus absent from Court,

And dim its lustre by her close retirement?

*Ant.* Hear Heavens this matchless impudence, and blush,

Does not that name like a loud night alarm

Spread a chill horror thro' thy trembling veins,

And chase thy blood from out the desert Channels?

*Alb.* Good Gods this tune again!

*Ant.* Damnation seize thee:



Dost thou not see the Monster that pursues thee?  
 Look how it yawns like a devouring whirl-pool,  
 As if it meant to swallow thee alive:

His eyes are burning Glasses, whence proceed  
 Such sulphurous flames, whose Stench will blast thy senses;  
 What noisome mists are belcht from his gaping mouth?  
 His tongue spits floods of Venome, and his reaching tail  
 Sweeps down whole Mountains: on his Crested back  
 So many massy Spheres arise, that you wou'd swear  
 Whole Armies came to your destruction.

*Alb.* I can see nought.

*Ans.* It comes invisible;  
 Draw and prepare to meet it's fury.

[ *Draws*

*Alb.* I fear you rave; what must I fight with shadows?

*Ans.* Then to be plain, it lodges here *Alberto*,  
 Here is the Den of the Infernal beast,  
 Which gnaws upon my Bowells, till it finds  
 Its destin'd Prey; Its name's Revenge.

*Alb.* Revenge from you indeed does seem a Monster.

*Ans.* Curse on your Cowardly delays, wilt thou draw?

*Alb.* Not till I know the cause of this strange fury.

*Ans.* I scarce have so much patience as to tell thee:  
 Thou hadst a Sister, I a mistress once.

*Alb.* And hope I have one yet, why what of her?

*Ans.* Ha! has that name no horror in it yet;  
 Canst thou remember her without a blush?

*Alb.* Yes my *Antonio*, when I think of her  
 I have less guilt than I expected;  
 For if my wronging her's my only fault,  
 Heavens knows I am innocent.

[ *Enter Astella.*

*Ans.* Hell is then Divine

Less Tyranny and horror harbours there:

If for to kill a Sister be a Virtue

Let me be vicious heaven.

*Ast.* What means this passion?

*Alb.* Ha! is she dead then? oh my misconstruing Soul!  
 By what untimely fate?

*Ans.* Confusion!

I shall grow mad: give me some temper Gods!

No, No, it cannot be— her murder'd Ghost

Lashes me with her bloody dabled Tresses

And prompts me to revenge; thus I will take it.

*Ast.* O stay your barbarous hand from this black deed,  
Which but to speak of wou'd canker the mouth of fame,

*And*

And make your memory infectious.

*Ant.* Away, or thro' thy heart I'll force a passage.

*Ast.* Thro' it then Sir, rip every Artery,  
How willingly I'de part with all my blood;  
To quench this raging fire in your breast;  
By all the powers we serve, you shall not pass  
Untill you tell the cause that moves you thus.

*Ant.* Insolent feeble thing stand not the blast,  
Which dire Revenge is pouring on its prey. [*pressing to go: Ast. holds him*]

*Alb.* No, let him come, for I'me prepar'd to meet him,

Nor will I stir, unless discharg'd by death,  
Untill I learn the Story of my Sisters fate. [*Draws*]

*Ast.* His Sisters Fate! what means my Brother? [*Aside*]

My Noble Lord, give me to know his crime,  
And with this arm I'll further your revenge.

*Ant.* Oh *Florino*! thou dost renew my grief:

Is't not a crime my Boy to kill a Sister

So beauteous, so divine? (oh my sad Soul!)

That heaven has lost the mould it form'd her in,

And grieving at the matchless work it made

In envy cropt her in her early bloom.

*Ast.* And is't for this, you've griev'd since first I saw you?

Was't for her you shed so many tears,

And follow now those showers with a storm?

*Ant.* Is there not Cause my Boy?

*Ast.* Oh my Charm'd Soul?

Keep still that love, unless you'de have me dye.

But follow not this false deluding Fire,

Which draws you to the ruine of your friend:

Your Mistress is alive, your words have rais'd her,

And look how in my habit she appears.

*Ant.* By heaven 'tis she! oh to my arms my Love, [*Embraces her*]

Yet closer; in this circle let me grow:

Speak once again, speak thou Charmer of my Soul,

Whilst all the Ravish'd Spheres shall cease their noise,

And listen unto thee: Forgive me Heaven,

Whodar'd to call your Bounteous care in question.

But speak; Dear Saint, say what relenting God

Has sav'd thee from those sacrilegious hands

Which sought to ruine so divine a Fabrick.

*Ast.* O forbear thus to reproach your friend,

Some Villain has betray'd you to this rage:

I thought you false when so reserv'd to me,

And in this habit came to try my fate;

But since I've found the error of my Jealousy  
Let me cement your seperated friendship,  
And gain my pardon, by restoring him.

*Ant.* Thy pardon! Oh that word's a dagger to me,  
And makes me see the foulness of my crime,  
A Crime for which my expiating tears,  
Can never meritt pardon from *Alberro*;  
How shall I dare to look on so much goodness,  
Which I've prophan'd with my unjust suspicions?

*Alb.* Your constancy in love has cancell'd all.

*Ant.* Is such Divinity then left on earth,  
Shall these unhallow'd arms have leave t' embrace thee?

*Alb.* Thus let us quite forget our dire mistakes.

[Embrace.]

*Ant.* We will;

but I must ne're forgive these credulous ears,  
Which listen'd to *Ricardo's* painted tale;  
Oh! such a dismal Scheme of horror he had drawn  
As Rist'd all consideration in me:

So that when e're a start of reason bar'd me,  
The black *Idea* flew before my fancy  
And drove the murmuring vanquisht from my breast.

*Alb.* But now my friend, since the dire Vision's fled,  
Let us away, and Court the *Vice-Roys* favour;  
For by that happy instrument, my man,  
I've gain'd a spell to Charm his Spanish rage.

*Ant.* I will: but thou my Love retire, and appear  
No more my Servant, but the mistress of my Soul.

*Alb.* This habit has befriended me so much,  
That 'twere ingratitude to throw it off,  
Untill my joys compleat.

*Enter Bernardo and Lopez.*

*Ber.* This was a treacherous trick *Lopez*, but I'll forgive you, if you'll  
make good your promise.—Sir since it must be so, I here stand ready to  
witness all that I have said.

*Lop.* Ay Sir, the Devill and your Gold will help him out, [To *Alb.*  
ne're fear it; tho' every word were false:

*Alb.* 'Tis well: but yet to gain the *Vice-Roys* credit,  
'Tis requisite the Soldiers shou'd be there:  
Art thou acquainted with them *Bernardo*?

*Ber.* As well as they are with their Trade of Murder Sir.

*Alb.* Go find 'em out, and bring 'em to the Pallace.  
 Now Friend and Sister let us hast to Court,  
 And with inflam'd desires let's all entreat  
 The Guardian Powers of innocence above,  
 To punish Villany and smile on Love.

[*Exeunt Alb. Ant. Ast. at one door : Lop. and Ber. at the other.*]

*Enter Vice-Roy, Ricardo, and Attendants. Scene, The Pallace.*

*Ric.* I beg you Sir, dissmis these needles fears.

*V. R.* O' thou'st undone me with thy Loyalty,  
 Thou like a blasting-winde did'st rove about  
 To seek a breath of pestilentiall air,  
 Which having found thou drov'st it not away,  
 But enviously scatter'd the death around,  
 And blew the dire contagion into me.  
*Mendoza's* family is quite extinct,  
 The only Branch that's left is withering,  
 And leaves the Sapless Oak to mourn its loss.

*Ric.* Not so my Lord, a Virgins tears flow easy  
 And naturall as tydes; and like to them  
 They've all their ebbs. Tho' she may mourn awhile,  
 Time and the grave will banish dead *Alberto*,  
 And give admittance to another Lover.

*V. R.* But time and she will not be long ally'd,  
 A Winding-Sheet must be the geniall bed,  
 A Funerall-Dirge the Hymeneall Song  
 And greedy Worms the only joyfull guests.  
 Had'st thou but seen, how when I did approach her  
 With rowling eyes she wander'd o're my Visage,  
 And learn't the story e're I was aware,  
 But when my foolish tongue explain'd my looks,  
 She stood all Pale and motionless, as is a Marble Statue,  
 And with a silent glance reproacht my joy,  
 Strait starting as she were upon the wing,  
 She snatch'd a Dagger offering at her breast,  
 Which when our hasty zeal disarm'd her of,  
 Then came the storm: her golden tresses torn,  
 Two different elements warr'd in her cheeks  
 The air that swell'd 'em, and the fire inflam'd 'em,  
 Whilst the obstinate strings above, congeal'd and wanting vent,  
 Refus'd a drop to quench the eager flame:

*Her*



Her breath too, which before was calm and Spicy,  
 As is *Arabia's* gentle eastern breeze,  
 Which fanns and opens all the balmy sweets,  
 Now sends out nought but rage 'gainst the heavens,  
 Mingl'd with curses of her cruell Father,  
 Strait like the dying *Portia* she exclaim'd,  
 Altho' this fails, there are a thousand ways to dye,  
 Kind Death will lend a dart to them that seek it,  
 Nor will his arrow suffer a repulse,  
 How'er vain man thinks he is arm'd against it.

*Ric.* Oh ! how he stings me with his Eloquence;  
 His rage the hinge on which my fortune hangs,  
 Will be quite melted by this foolish mourning.  
 My Lord, you'l give me leave to wonder, that  
 So mild a temper shou'd be thus enrag'd.

*Aside*

*V. R.* O' thou'rt a stranger to that fatall passion :  
 Does not the gentlest Stream when 'tis oppos'd,  
 Break out into a rappid inundation ?

*Ric.* But when the Cause is spent it fed upon  
 'Tis hush't; so may your Daughters sorrow too.  
 Go to her, and try her Sir ; Duty will plead  
 In my behalf, and since *Alberto's* dead,  
 Urge her to accept the man whom you propose.

*V. R.* Ha ! this to me again ? O'ye good Gods !  
 Is thy ambition swell'd to such a height,  
 That thou woud'st have my Daughter spite of death ?  
 Is this thy Love ? Lust by my Soul ! Damn'd burning Lust !  
 But since your Saucy haste has thus provok'd me,  
 P'eto that drooping Flower and there enquire,  
 What anger did refuse to hear before,  
 And if I finde what I suspect *Ricardo*  
 P'le heap such loads of misery upon thee,  
 Shall crush thy Soul, and sink thee into Hell,  
*Italian* spite, and *Spanish* Jealousy  
 Shall twine their Snakes, to lash and torture thee.

[Exit.]

Ricardo Solus.

*Ric.* Nay then, I'me ruind, and for ever lost.  
 How sweet is hope to man's aspiring thoughts,  
 Which makes 'em like *Camelions* live on air,  
 And hug their slender plots ? But when that's fled,

K 2

Then

Then comes the dismal sad *Catastrophe*.

Those threats were vain, for I've a fury here  
 Begins to lash and sting my guilty Soul,  
 Conscience that blood-hound, which tracks falling Greatness;  
 Had but my shafts hit right to my desire,  
 I wou'd have laugh'd even in the face of heaven;  
 And rais'd in raptures equall to the Gods,  
 Brav'd all the force of Hell, made Envy gnash,  
 To see me mounted above its reach.  
 But now *Alberto's* death beats an alarm  
 Unto my guilty Conscience: my affrighted blood retires  
 And leaves my trembling arms, shaking like tender willows  
 At the northern wind:  
 My feet the feeble *Basis* of this tottering *Pyramide*,  
 Cleave close unto the Earth, whilst my erected hair  
 (Stiffer then bristles on a shooting Porcupine)  
 Stares in the very face of angry *Jove*,  
 As I were thunder-strook.

*Enter Alberto, Antonio, Astella.*

Ha! the ill stomach'd earth, vomits her dead  
 To torture me! Am I environ'd round with Ghosts?  
 Hide me ye Powers from their amazing looks,  
 Spread an eternall darkness o're the world  
 That they may wander still in ignorance,  
 And never finde me out.

*Alb.* What horrid sounds are these?—and from *Ricardo*?  
 He takes me for a Ghost; away my friend,  
 Attune the *Vice-Roy's* anger, whilst I, here  
 Humour this Villains mistaken penitence.

*Ant.* We will, and may success attend you. [Exit Ant. Ast.]

*Ric.* Will nothing then conceal me?

*Alb.* Heaven cannot hide you from my just revenge,  
 Without the forfeiture of goodness: Murder  
 That crying Sin, has like a powerfull spell  
 Summon'd my scarce cold corps from out its Urn  
 To force an accusation of thy Conscience.

*Ric.* Mount, mount my Soul, and with the swiftest winds  
 Fly to some unknown Land, where the affrighted Sun  
 Ner'e yet durst enter, nor the astonish'd heavens  
 Think on a place so horrid.

Where

Where Death surfeits his fatall arrow, and  
 Each funerall knell yel'd by a dying Mandrake  
 Proves still the dirge of an ensuing frailty.  
 O' my sick Conscience! is there no cure?  
 No Sanctuary for my poor relenting Soul?  
 Let me then sink, sink to the Center,  
 Release those Captive Gyants that now groan  
 Under the heavy weight of mighty mountains,  
 And hurl 'em all, all on me, to press me down  
 Beyond the reach of Register: let me not suffer  
 Even in their Annalls, but let a sad mortality  
 Of remembrance seize succeeding times,  
 That I may fall forgotten by all the world.

*Alb.* Is this the way to expiate thy Crime?  
 Are prophane wishes thy repentance? Oh take heed!  
 Do not precipitate thy inclining ruine;  
 Pull not that hovering Justice on thy head,  
 Lest it shou'd fall no less than fatall on thee.

*Ric.* Pardon Blest Form my rash Devotion!  
 Entomb Revenge among those Sacred reliques,  
 And let thy incens'd Ghost sleep in its peacefull Urn:  
 Draw hence those looks fill'd with such killing horror,  
 And every day shall add new trophys to thy mercy.

[*Kneels.*]

*Alb.* Think'st thou my patient Ghost can rest secure,  
 Whilst thy Majestick cruelty does trample  
 Or's the ruines of My Love and Honour?  
 And shall no pious envy seek to abate  
 Thy triumph? Shall wrong'd Innocence lye unreveng'd?

*Ric.* Is there no expiation for my offence?  
 Withdraw thy anger, and i'll renounce my Love,  
 And yield my title to the fair *Miranda*;  
 She shall embalm you with her daily tears  
 And offer sighs like incense at your Tomb.

*Alb.* I dare not trust you.

*Ric.* Hear me ye Powers above:  
 When next I name my Sacrilegious Love,  
 May I be haunted by thy Murmuring Ghost,  
 May all the plagues which Crimes like mine deserve,  
 (Arm'd with a double force) light on my head:  
 But hast and signe the Warrant of my peace.

[*kneels.*]

*Exit*

*Enter Vice-Roy, Antonio, Albella. Guards and Attendants.*

*V. R.* Oh to my Arms, Thou Noble Generous Youth,  
And look a kind forgiveness to thy Father,  
Else I shall faint beneath my load of guilt:  
What Floods of Penitential tears can e're  
Wash off the stains are printed on my brow,  
And drown the memory of thy mighty wrongs?

*Alb.* Oh let me pay my humbler duty thus.

[*kneels*

By heaven my Loyal heart does bow within me,  
And I must sink beneath the grave to adore you,  
Unless you'll raise me by some kinder words.

*V. R.* Wilt thou then rob thee of thy Virtues due?  
Thus I will pay it on my trembling knees,  
Spite of thy obstinate humility.

[*kneeling*

*Alb.* If you will kneel, kneel to those Guardian Powers  
Who've freed you from the toils and Treacherous snares  
Of that false Man.

*V. R.* O rise, and since thy goodness can forgive me,  
Let me put on the Lion once again,  
And fix my Justice on that horrid Slave.

*Ric.* Then he is living, and I am deceiv'd,  
Wheedled to ruine by a trick of Conscience:  
I thank ye Gods for your little honesty!

*V. R.* Where are my Guards; go take that Traytor hence,  
'Tis Justice now, not Tyranny Commands you.

*Ric.* Stay till I make my peace with this most wrong'd,  
Most innocent, gallant, brave young Man.

[*To Alb.*

Here let me beg a pardon for my Crimes,  
If Gods have power such injuries to forgive;  
By all your wrongs I mourn my black designs,  
'Tis worse than hell to think I did attempt

[*Kneels.*

To Murder you—and yet to miss my aim—[*Offers a Pistol at Alberto.*

*Ant.* Perfidious Dog!

[*Ant. prevents him.*

*V. R.* Away with him,  
Or he will say my presence shades his guilt.

*Ric.* 'Twas basely done: for he is Brave and Noble,  
And I a Villain thus to abase his goodness,  
And fool to bar that Love which heaven Cements;  
Love is a pure and immaterial being,  
Which graspt by such polluted hands as mine



Does vanish and leaves an empty Cloud :  
Why shou'd I then oppose the Stream ?

No, let me to some private Cell resort,  
Learn to forget the pleasures of the Court,  
My guilt and folly be my Grief and sport.

[Exit with Guards.]

V. R. Impious Traytor, who with the self-same breath,  
Vows penitence to heaven, revenge to hell.

Enter Maria.

Mar. Your Daughter Royall Sir,  
Desires your Company about some business of importance  
Relating to your peace and hers. *Alberto* here!

Alive ! nay then it will not be a barren plot.

[aside.]

V. R. We will attend her instantly.

Alb. Maria,

How fares my Angell ; how does my Life, my Soul ?

Mar. You'l know too soon.

[aside.]

Alb. Ha ! not look upon me ?

O' my misgiving heart !

V. R. Fear not my Son,

Only some Clouds are gather'd by your death,

But soon your presence will dry up her tears

And clear her brow :

Lead on, no longer I'll defer your Joys. [Exeunt V. R. Alb. Ant.]

Mar. O' how I tremble at the dreadful Scene ! [Alf. and Guards.]

But since a beam of light does warm her hopes

And hath dispell'd the *Vice-Roy's* jealous storm,

Fain'd death shall grasp 'em in a pleasing form.

[Exit.]

*The Scene draws, and discovers Miranda leaning on a Table ;*

*A Cup by her. She rises.*

Mr. What's Death, that silly Mortals thus shou'd fear it ?

Only a passage to a better Life,

When the imprison'd Soul throws off its fetters,

And flies into immortall Liberty :

Then wellcome Death to Love so pure as mine,

Which shall imprint an Angells stamp upon it,

And free my Soul to meet *Alberto* in the air.

I come my Love, the thoughts of thee so charm me

That yet methinks I feel no pain at all ;

The

The fatal Potion tasted to my pallet  
 Like the rich *Nectar* that preserves the Gods,  
 And I me methinks in health : only a pleasing faintness  
 Glides thro' my fancy with a cold alarm.  
 Here will I sit, till I can see my Father,  
 To tell him, fate has granted me a passport ;  
 Then take the wing and fly to endless bliss.

[*Song within.*]

*Enter Vice-Roy, Alberto, Antonio and Astella :  
 Guards and Attendants. Scene the last.*

*V. R. Weeping Miranda!*

Eternall horror Seize me, if she does not smile too :  
 So the Sun shines amidst the fiercest showers.  
 But why my Daughter ? speak, for it racks my fancy !  
 Rise and speak.

*Mir.* O I must never rise,  
 Till I mount up an Angell into heaven.

*Alb.* To heaven ! O my fears !  
 Wrap me Eternall night :  
 Are these my promi'st joys ?

*V. R.* O rise my Child :

I know it well thou mourn'st *Alberto's* loss,  
 But here is magick in this face to cure thee.

[*Presents Alb. to her.*]

*Mir. Alberto !* O ye Powers, then does he Live ?

*Alb.* He Lives, my Fair one : but oh that life's a Curse,  
 Unless you'l raise that beauteous Map of Heaven,  
 And say, why dost thou grieve, that he's alive ?

*Mir.* Have I not cause to grieve and curse my Stars,  
 Since we must part, for ever part *Alberto*.

*Alb.* For ever part—thou kill'st me with the sound :

Art thou then false ? the very thought's a Crime.

Thro' all this mist, I see thy constant flames  
 Dart their kind beams into my tortur'd breast :

*V. R.* Why dost thou talk of parting, when thy Father  
 Stands here to heal the wounds of injur'd Love ?

Here take *Alberto*, take him to thy arms.

[*presents Alb. to her.*]

*Mir.* O Stop that breath of kindness, 'tis infectious,  
 And tortures me more then the working poyson.

*Alb.* The poyson, ha !

*V. R.* What says my Childe ?

*Mir.* The fatal deed will out

I thought him dead, and therefore I contriv'd  
To drink a poy's'nous draught, which working up  
Thro' all the pores of Life, shou'd drive the Soul,  
And send it panting to the other World.  
Forgive me Love—that's all I ask—oh heavens!

*Alb.* I'll hear no more—  
Where's Providence and all those Sacred Powers

That secure Innocence, are they all asleep?  
Or is the frame of Nature quite dissolv'd?

I've heard how at her latest pangs, the World  
Will strait roll up into an endless heap:

The Sun be Extinguish'd like a Lamp that's spent:

The Moon withdraw its Crescent into Night;

The Stars like pointed Meteors shoot to Chaos;

The Elements shall run to meet each other,  
And blindly mix their jarring principles,

And when this beauteous Harmony must dye,  
Shall not one Attom of it cease to move?

Yes I'll begin the fatal Sacrifice. [*Is going to the Cup. The V. R. stays him.*]

And tell the World what's due to so much beauty.

*V. R.* Hold, or you heap new loads of guilt upon me.

What must you suffer for my impious rashness?

No let me dye, (the curst source of all)

The Gods themselves are pleas'd when Great Men fall.

*Mir.* Forbear, or you will hurry me away

In a Tempestuous grief. Why Father, why *Alonso*,

Why shou'd you dye? I charge ye Live,

Or you will torture my departed Ghost,

Which swift as light'ning shall avoid your presence.

By heaven you've rais'd a struggling in my breast,

And peacefull death's become a Spectere to me.

*Alb.* O do not plead against thy self *Miranda*:

Why art thou poison'd but to follow me?

*Mir.* Because my Father wou'd have forc'd my Will,

But now relenting nature yields to Love,

And he has given you all that's left of me.

*Enter Maria.*

*Mir.* I see it works.

*E. Aside.*

*V. R.* That makes not me less Guilty;  
Death, Hell, and Vengeance why was I good too late?

So the fall'n Angels saw their wretched state,  
Repented, but alas! their heaven was fled,  
And left 'em for reward Despair and Hell:  
Then shall I, O black ingratitude! shall I,  
For all the smarting wounds which I have made  
Return him nought, but cold *Miranda's* Corse?  
A precious Salve to cure a bleeding heart!

*Mar.* My plots are ripe, and I will give 'em birth:  
Great Sir, upon my knees I beg you I hear me;  
If heaven restores, your dying poison'd Daughter,  
Will you continue in this resolution,  
And give her (as sure you ought) to Brave *Alberro*?

*V. R.* Why dost thou ask that strange untimely question?  
Gon'd she be sav'd—but 'tis impossible;  
Altho' the Sighs of injur'd Love ascend like incense,  
Yet my loud Crimes will drown their softer murmurs.  
By all their wrongs I'de drein my dearest blood  
To quench the raging venome in her breast;  
Then with my latest breath bequeath her to *Alberro*.

*Mar.* O' Sir! these generous words  
Like Charms shall have the Power to raise the Dead.

[Pointing to—  
[*Miranda*,

*Ant.* What a Successive change of wonder's here!

*Mar.* Thus I'll apply their Virtue——Rise *Madam*.

*Mir.* What folly's this?

*Mar.* I beg you *Madam* rise:

Think that *Alberro* may, or will be yours,  
And strait your Pulse will beat as brisk as ever,  
The blood shall dance and flourish in your cheeks,  
Except what too much grief has drein'd away.

*V. R.* Ha! does she Live? speak but that word *Miranda*,  
I'll give thee all my treasure:

*Alb.* I, the World.

*Mar.* She Lives my Lord.

*V. R.* O' 'tis enough *Miranda*!

*Alb.* It is too much:—thus let me kneel my Saint,  
And look and gaze unto Eternity.

*V. R.* Not all the transports of your eager Love  
Must rob me of the Duty of a Father.

*Alb.* I was too blame.—Here let us kneel *Miranda*,  
As to a pardoning God, and wait our Doom.

*V. R.* You take me for the cruel Father still;  
O rise, and do not cloud this Scene of joy.

Com



Come to my arms *Miranda* — still thou fear'st,  
But thus I'll crown your happiness, and my peace:

*Alb.* Which thus I Seal. — But kind *Maria*, say,  
How hast thou wrought this Cure? Or do we dream,  
Rais'd by a false imaginary Joy?

*Mar.* Her fancy'd pain indeed is but a dream,  
But thus I clear your fears and doubts, my Lord,  
I griev'd, Great Sir, your kindness for *Ricardo*  
Must Sacrifice the affections of a Daughter,  
And promise to prepare the Potion for her  
(When urg'd by grief to that Extremity :)  
But hoping you'd revoke the cruel Sentence,  
When fearing the effects by such a loss,  
I workt her fancy to believe that Poyson  
Which only dull'd the vigour of the Spirits.

*Mr.* I was mistaken, but yet so kindly  
He wish for ever to be so deceiv'd.

*V. R. Antonio*, pardon all the wrongs you've born,  
And take my friendship as return in part. [Embraces him]

*Ans.* Great Sir, this grace has more than cancell'd all :  
But let me beg your Highnesses consent,  
To make me happy in this fair Ladies Love.

*V. R.* This Lady?

*Alb.* *Afella* Sir, my Sister.

*V. R.* You have it Sir ; but why in this disguise?

*Ans.* Plung'd in the same mistake that threatn'd all,  
She came on some designe to try my Love.

*Mr.* Sister (for so I must for ever call you)  
Pardon my forc'd neglect of you unknown.

*Alb.* Your own misfortunes are a sufficient plea.

[Salute.]

*Clashing of Swords within : Enter Fabio  
with his Sword drawn.*

*Fab.* Great Sir, *Ricardo* breaking from his Prison,  
Comes like a Torrent Spite of opposition ;  
And forcing all the Guards, that bar'd his way,  
With a drawn Sword wrested from their hands  
Is entering here. — But see he comes.

*Enter Ricardo with a Sword.*

*V. R.* Infernall Monster I was ever fight like this,  
That Villany shou'd make a Coward Valiant?  
Can hell breath virtue?—Yes, a brutall one!  
But thus I'll meet and crush the monstrous birth.

*Ric.* Here Sir, wreak all your fury on this Villain,  
Think not I'de offer at your Sacred life, [*throws his Sword to the V. R.*]  
Death I am come to seek, but since your Guards  
Have fall'd, and I've the Noblest from your hand,  
Strike Sir, for I'me prepar'd.

*V. R.* Prepar'd? 'Tis false:  
When Thousand Crimes like weights press'd down thy Soul;  
Yes thou art ready Slave, for hell thou'rt ripe:  
Lust and Ambition have rac'd out the Man,  
And being a Devil thou long'st to be at home.

*Ric.* 'Tis true, I'me worse then you can paint me Sir,  
Therefore to ask a pardon were to arraign Heaven's Justice  
And make its Mercy Pandar to my sins.  
Why are you slow then to be Heavens Avenger?

*V. R.* I will avenge it, but another way,  
Guards seize him once again, and mark me all  
Your Lives are forfeit for the next escape:  
In chains he shall behold *Albergo's* Nuptials,  
That he may swell with envy till he burst.

*Ric.* By heaven, not all your Armies here should seize me:  
Pardon me Sacred Sir, I say they shou'd not,  
Nor that I dread to see the happy Nuptials,  
For every binding word wou'd ease my Soul;  
Yes Sir, I joy more for their happiness,  
Than I can grieve for my own fordid baseness;  
But to lye ling'ring in a lazy prison,  
Wou'd rob expecting Justice of its prey,  
Therefore to satisfy the hovering Sword,  
Thus I'me *Ricardo's* Executioner. [*offers to stab himself. Alb. interposes,*

*Alb.* Hold, and may heaven forgive what's past as I do now. [*takes*  
O Sacred Sir, or if the name of Father [*is from him.*]  
Can plead more strongly, pittie this Penitent,  
I read a deep Contrition in his eyes;  
Let him not fall a Victim to despair,  
When one kind breath can blow away his Crimes,  
And cause the horrid Leprosy to vanish.

*Ric.* This goodness from you, Noble, Generous Youth,

*Sinks*

Sinks me the deeper ; O restore the dagger,  
For since all hope of pardon's fled away,  
Nothing can torture me like this delay.

*V. R.* To recompence the wrongs which you've sustain'd,  
What is't I wou'd not do ? but Son beware,  
Take heed how you believe these new-coin'd looks,  
And these false sighs, lest they shou'd prove infectious ;  
For *Proserpi*-like he can take every shape  
Scrive himself up into an humble Saint,  
To serve his black designs, and if that miss  
Strut like a Peacock in his gaudy trim,  
And shew all *Lucifer* ; nay, he can make  
Even Contradictions meet to gain his ends.

*Ric.* Therefore kind Sir, kill me lest I work more mischief.

*Alb.* But now that borrow'd habit's quite thrown off,  
Strip'd by the Vulture Conscience of his Plumes,  
Kneel, kneel *Ricardo*, for methinks I see,  
A calm of pitty gently chase the Tempest,  
And smoothe the furrows of his angry brow. [ *Both kneel.*  
Think of the power of Love Great Sir ; what heart is proof,  
What Virtue is so strong and Adamantine  
Which the resistless heat of his Attacques  
Cannot melt to Vice ?

*V. R.* Rise both ; *Ricardo* rise ;  
For sure such Generosity must awe thee,  
And force each start of Envy to retire ;  
Therefore I pardon you your life, but for your Crimes  
Banish you for ever from our Court.

*Ric.* Ha ! pardon did you say ? name it again,  
For yet I cannot trust my Credulous ears.

*V. R.* You may :

*Ric.* O Sir let me devour your feet,  
Craw to the Earth in prostrate Adoration,  
And end my life in this so happy Transport,  
Hence to some gloomy Desert i'll retreat,  
Black as my Crimes and my deserved fate  
Where no kind Cell, or Neighbouring Lodge is found  
But wild Campaign, and bare unwhospitable ground ;  
There from my breast volleys of sighs shall rise  
Shall thaw th' Avenging Justice of the skies  
To mercy ; while the pitying Gods shall dain :  
To give me back my Innocence again :

There a

There my last stake in Penitential tears,  
In rigid Penance, Fasts, and Midnight Prayers,  
I'll spend, till heaven and you I can atone,  
And merit this forgiveness you have shown.

[ *Exit Guarded.* ]

*Enter Lopez, Bernardo and Soldiers.*

1. *Sol.* May it please your Highness—

*V. R.* What means your Insolence?

1. *Sol.* This Importunate fellow, because he help'd me to save that  
Lords life, pretends I owe him something;  
Now I make your Highness my Judge;

*V. R.* I understand you; therefore let each man  
Have Twenty Crowns;

*Alb. Lopez*, I shall reward you for your care.

*Ant.* And you *Bernardo* may remain with me.

*Ber.* I thank you Sir, for I was terribly afraid of my Master.

*V. R.* But all their Services had been in vain,  
Had not *Maria* brought this last reprieve,  
Which I shall Study how to recompence.

*Alb.* Now my *Miranda*, since the fates are kind,  
We may reflect upon our dangers past:

( As a befriended Traveller returns,  
And when his Country's grown familiar with him,  
His fancy roves o're all the dismall Scene,  
The roling Seas, the fearfull beasts of prey,  
And all the Terrors that beset his way,  
Whilst every horror swells his trembling joy,  
And still renews those pleasures which wou'd cloy: )  
Then for a Monument we'll Erect this Rule,  
And fix it on the Portall of Loves School;  
Few Lovers can be always in the Right,  
Mistakes and Quarrells heighten their Delight.

*FINIS.*



# EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. Montfort.

Stay Gentlemen, and give your Suffrages;  
For on your Votes depends Ricardo's peace:  
Doom'd to be exil'd, as I pass along  
The Poet sing'd me from out the throng;  
Frowning, he charg'd me ere I went away,  
To come and beg excuse for his dull Play:  
Which if I gain'd he promis'd to repent  
The hasty doom of his Poetick zeal.  
But by my haste my message I've forgot;  
I must say something, yet I know not what:  
But only this, 'tis to both Sexes sent,  
And to the one but a rough complement.  
The Men he fears not, for he says he writ  
So dull to please, and he is sure it will hit,  
Where ten dull Fops are for one Man of Wit;  
Who, if the Writer stumbles on a thought,  
Damit they cry, the Bettle brought that out:  
But if insipid, they cry One and All,  
Oh 'tis unaffected, strange and naturall:  
Like Mahomet, who Whoredome does allow,  
Because a Crime which Nature prompts us to.  
But from the Ladies on a double Score,  
I wou'd a favourable glance implore;  
You like an Adamant the Men attract;  
What e're gains your assent, they make an Act:  
See how the Critical Committee wait,  
From your fair brows the Poets doubtfull fate:  
Do not for once then blast the infant bud,  
Which by your Sunshine may in time grow ripe and good.  
But if you favour you design impart,  
But rather with his numerous foes take part;  
He swears he cares not for your cruelty,  
But says, he'll go on Pilgrimage with me,  
And the whole Train of Fops and Beaux defy.